



Issue 31 Nov-Dec '11 £3.95

Little White Lies


Truth & Houses

ANOTHER
EARTH

The image features a complex optical illusion pattern. It consists of a repeating sequence of black and white shapes that, when viewed from different angles, form the profiles of human faces. The faces appear to be looking in various directions, creating a sense of movement and depth. The pattern is dense and covers the entire frame. In the center-right, there is a circular area containing text.

I FELT
LIKE
ANYTHING
WAS
POSSIBLE
AND IT
WAS





ANOTHER EARTH

THE FILM'S PUSION OF SCIENCE-FICTION IS WHY
THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE IN THIS GENRE.

Directed by *Diego Marín*
Starring *Britt Marling*, *Michael Biehn*, *Robert Forster*
Release Date: *October 10, 2014*



M

SCREEN BY MATT MCCORMICK

In Cahill's *Another Earth* offers a fractured reflection of what might have been. Not in its story of dual lives and uncertain futures, but in harking back to a science-fiction cinema that took its cues from the expansive ideas of Carl Sagan and Arthur C. Clarke rather than the expensive thrills of George Lucas. On this other Earth, the gains remained a crumb of ideas, with Stanley Kubrick and Andrei Tarkovsky as heroes.

Another Earth may not stand comparison with the work of these masters, but this confident debut lends its weight to the renaissance of genre/modern sci-fi. Showcasing a keen intelligence and understated style, its most obvious contemporary point of reference is Duncan Jones' *Moon*. And yet, like Jones' debut, *Another Earth* is very obviously a first film — with both the energy and the inexperience that suggests. It's an ambitious but flawed drama that boldly announces Cahill's arrival — not his presence.



LAST NIGHT, A HOME PARTY. *Another Earth* (first screening, who co-wrote the script with Cahill) is celebrating her acceptance into MIT. As she drives home, the route announces a miraculous discovery — a new planet in the sky bearing all the hallmarks of an Earth-like ability to sustain life. But in the same breath of discovery comes tragedy, an accident that will show the course of both Rhoda's life and her victims.

Picking up the pieces several years later, two memories will play out. As Rhoda is driven unthinkingly to witness John (William Moseley), driven perhaps by compassion, but more likely by guilt, without it made with the new planet, dubbed "Earth 2," and an incredible, impossible revelation occurs.

These two threads — one, a microscopic study of individual lives in time; the other, a civilization-scale study of infinite possibilities — will interweave to create an icy tableau of alienation and broken dreams. ▶



"PART-METAPHOR, PART-MYSTERY, PART-MACGUFFIN, EARTH 2 AFFORDS CAHILL THE OPPORTUNITY TO MUSE ON THE BIG QUESTIONS THAT CLEARLY FASCINATE HIM."

Shot in a palette of frigid blues, whites and greys, *Another Earth* foregrounds the emotional isolation of John and Rhoda. John's grief has materialized, becoming an almost physical thing that infects everything around him with decay. His house is layered with guilt and charmed with memories, but in a symbolic way Rhoda will come to clean it once a week — pretending to be somebody she's not, and yet, at the same time, discovering the person she really is.

Cahill allows their relationship to develop at a languid pace, lingering on dust motes caught in shafts of pale sunlight, and framing his scenes in close-up. *Another Earth* isn't a beautiful film, exactly (it has a grainy DV vibe that screams, "Take me seriously!"), but it possesses a sensuous visual texture. It is thoughtfully even self-consciously composed, but in very subtle ways seems to leave the doors only slightly ajar.

The dramatic dynamic between Rhoda and John isn't compelling enough to

withstand such extended scrutiny. John spends the majority of the film in the dark about Rhoda's identity and in that little more than a cipher for her healing process. How much richer would their relationship have been if Rhoda had told him the truth, making John emotionally complicit in their affair and forcing him to deal with his own feelings of trauma and guilt? John's ignorance strips him of complexity, and so key scenes between them fail to speak. When John, a composer, takes Rhoda to an empty concert hall and plays for her, it's supposed to suggest intimacy and revelation. Instead, it feels like you're intruding on someone's slightly embarrassing "moment".

Trapped in the n in the existing reality, you can sympathize with Rhoda as she gazes wistfully at the new planet and dreams of escape. As it happens, an unexpected twist is offering the chance to win a seat on a private space flight, a competition that Rhoda enters



and wins, much as John's destiny. His life — along with his house — is beginning to feel the benefit of a woman's touch.

But *Earth 2* is where Rhode's (and Cahill's) heart really lies. Part-suspense, part-mystery, part-MacGuffin, it's an inspired idea that affords Cahill the opportunity to muse on the big questions that so clearly fascinate her. *Earth 2* is a counterpoint to the fantasy of escape that Rhode is already enacting with John. But like any fantasy, all it does is reinforce just how trapped we are in the present. It's a constant reminder of a life just out of reach — at once sweeping, promising and mocking.

In voice over, Dr. Richard Berendson (a former teaching assistant of Carl Sagan) sums lyrical, wondering about the mystery of ourselves. Do we — can we — know ourselves? Would we recognize ourselves if we were ever to meet? Then Rhode tells a story about the first Russian in space, launched

by a ticking sound whose origin he couldn't discern. Facing the risk of being driven mad, he closed his eyes and the ticking became a symphony. Is real escape only to be found in the imagination? Is that where rescue and redemption are? Where peace is? If so, what is *Earth 2*?

Cahill raises these questions but isn't interested in the answers. Of course, there aren't any answers. Or perhaps there are too many. His film concludes with a crescendo of uncertainty, in a smart way that throws open new ways of looking at what has gone before. It also, it should be said, raises narrative inconsistencies that aren't addressed but should be.

It's a fitting ambivalent conclusion to an imperfect film — one that wrings from sophistication to ineptness, from brazen inquiry to dramatic inertia. Another *Earth* is original, intelligent and eccentric — a true *Amesim* indie that deserves to be admired

and supported. But part of that support is repeated criticism of its shortcomings. On second thought, maybe it doesn't actually announce Cahill's arrival at all — just the start of a journey that will hopefully take us somewhere worth seeing. **B**

Anticipation. Came out of nowhere with a killer trailer in the dark days of summer. Could this be the antidote to blockbuster fatigue?

4

Enjoyment. Yes and no. These's a lot to enjoy, but a bit of blockbuster polish wouldn't have been a bad thing.

3

In Retrospect. Full of promise. Keep an eye on Cahill.

3



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Every one of us is, in the cosmic perspective, precious. If a human disagrees with you, let him live. In a hundred billion galaxies, you will not find another.

Carl Sagan, 1980



IMLies:

What do you love about movies?

Mike Cahill:

What do I love about movies? Oh my gosh.
Um... Movies... As opposed to, like, novels
and poetry or anything? I mean there's
a power of movies that is very specific,
that is through pictures and sound...
How does this work exactly: through pictures
and sound on a box on a wall we can be
transported to an emotion we might not have
experienced? Being John Malkovich does it well
where they, like, literally get to be John
Malkovich, but a movie is a Being John
Malkovich experience all the time.
You connect with the protagonist and you
go through this intense experience and
learn something about what it means
to be human.

Britt Marling:

Oh my gosh... You know, I love when you
go to the cinema and the lights go down and
you're with an audience, but you're not
talking to each other, and a story plays
out and it enters you, and for this
period of time you forget yourself.
You forget the period of time you're in,
you forget all of it and you surrender
to someone else's point of view.
You're profoundly, deeply moved, and you're
connected to yourself and you're connected
to everyone else in that audience and
you're connected to all the filmmakers
behind it. Something about that
experience, when it's done really well,
can be intoxicating. A great movie reaches
out to you in that void and grabs your
hand and reassures you you're not alone.
I guess that's what we all want really
- to feel like we're somehow not alone.
A good movie can make that happen, or
make the loneliness more bearable, maybe.



Heaven, purgatory and earth



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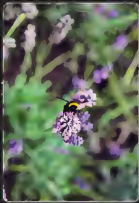
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Jane Eyre

Volkswagen's See Film Differently campaign is all about looking at movies with a fresh perspective, and celebrating the great locations that have been put through the transformative gaze of film. In September, we celebrated the theatrical release of Cary Fukunaga's *Jane Eyre* with a screening at Haddon Hall – the location that doubles as Thornfield Hall, Rochester's ancestral manor. Next up is an archive screening of Edgar Wright's *Hot Fuzz* at the Picturehouse Little Theatre Cinema in Bath on November 24. Check out seefilmdifferently.com for details of this and future events, plus exclusive features and interviews.



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**CHAPTER 3 IN WHICH WE DISCUSS
THEMES OF UNCOMMON INTEREST
INSPIRED BY OUR FEATURE FILM**

ALTERNATIVE VISIONS

OTHER EARTHS, WARPED REALITIES AND
NEW HORIZONS. THESE ARE THE PLACES
WHERE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.

A black and white portrait of a man with long, dark, wavy hair and a mustache. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong light source from the left, creating a bright highlight on his hair and face, while the right side of his face and the background are in deep shadow. The background is dark and indistinct.

55777 333.766 443/83 -293.0000

WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSEL

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPENCER MORPHY

I'M STILL HERE

DEBUT DIRECTOR MIKE CAHILL MAY BE LIVING
THE DREAM, BUT HE'S KEEPING HIMSELF
GROUNDED IN THE HERE AND NOW

T

here was an angel in the
redman at Georgetown University. She
was blond and beautiful, and she was on her feet – leading a
stunning ovation for Mike Cahill. Cahill couldn't see her, though. He was
up on stage accepting an award for the short that had just taken first prize at the
university's film festival. He was playing it cool and wasn't wearing his glasses. All he could
do was peer into the crowd as his co-director Zol stared in awe. "Who's that girl?" Zol asked him.
"What girl?" Cahill replied.
The girl came up to them later and introduced herself, said she was called Brit Marling, said she loved their
work, said she'd do anything to be part of their films – hold a bomb, a light, whatever. "Why don't you star in them?"
Cahill suggested.

This is not the origin story of *Another Earth*. It's only one aspect of it – the seeds of a partnership that would take root and grow.
The beginning? That happened much earlier – in New Haven, Connecticut, in the mid 1980s, when a mother bought her son a toy
camera for his birthday. He was seven-years-old and was soon to have a new sibling.

His name was Mike. He probably didn't have long black hair and he definitely didn't have a moustache, although he has both today
– like a refugee from a war that the alternative looks lost. At seven, he might have been cute. Maybe he had the same spontaneous laugh
Maybe the same way of being intensely present.

Mike had a thing for Matchbox cars, so the first thing he did with his Fisher-Price Playvision was like one of them as he pushed it along.
Then he had an idea. He filmed his brother pretending to drive, then he went back to the car. Watching it on tape, it looked like Mike's brother
was actually driving the car. He sensed he was onto something big.

At seven-year-old, Mike Cahill had discovered montage. "I realized that if you juxtapose images you can create a new narrative – that the
combination of images together creates a new meaning," he recalls. "That was fucking mindblowing for me because there was power in it."

This is the origin story of *Another Earth* – the power of discovery that implanted a sense of wonder and possibility in a boy. They were emotions
that gestated as the boy got older, got an economics degree and started experimenting with video art. Eventually they'd force him to drop everything
and set out on a \$100,000 self-financed feature film.



There's been a lot written about the renaissance of twenty-first-century science-fiction, but the thing is, most of it is true. *Another Earth* takes its place
alongside *Primer*, *Moon* and *Mondays* as a home-grown genre piece inspired, not just by advances in affordable technology, but by a spirit of
intellectual adventure that harks back to the great moments of the '60s and '70s.

Cahill got switched on to sci-fi when he moved to LA and started diving around the city while listening to an audiobook of Dr Richard
Brendzen. Brendzen was an acolyte of the master, Carl Sagan, and he raved about how the cosmos, Galileo, Anaxagoras
and the library of Alexandria provided a "beautiful emotional home" that captured Cahill's imagination.

Technology too was crucial. Cahill had always been an experimenter – whether producing video art under the pseudonyms
Dale Teeth or just painting and shooting, trying things to see what happened. "I like playing," he says, "honed against a bare
back wall in the JMWils office, just having cameras around, shooting stuff, even if I'm going to throw it away. I didn't go
to film school, but I made my own film school through experimentation, watching, going up material and reading
every sci-fi/writing book imaginable."

He learnt a few tricks – some technical (like shooting someone in the frame, then shooting the same
frame without them and dissolving the two so that the person disappears), some emotional.
But the breakthrough came one day when he tried composing two versions of himself
and conducting an interview.

"I sat down, then another version of me came and sat down
opposite, and one me started very obviously
interviewing the other. The results ➤



Then I thought

"What if we really could confer
eyesight? What would you feel if you could sit across
from another version of you? What judgments would you have on that
person? What emotions? Would you like that person or hate that person? Would
you think they were making bad choices or good choices?"

Confident that he could crack the technological nut, Cahill wrote three scripts with Marling
that were designed to offer her a series of acting challenges linked by a loose narrative. But as they got
deeper into the third script, *Another Earth*, "it just grew and took over."



For all the technical challenge of the effects and the intellectual challenge of a story inspired by some of cosmology's deepest
theories, like any indie film, it was the practical problems that occupied Cahill during the shoot. But these were problems he
embraced. "Whether its budget teatime or time assistant or whatever, in some ways it's a gift to the artist because it creates a wall
within which you need to use cleverness and ingenuity to figure a way out," he reasons.

Cahill's method was to divide the shoot into "on-the-grid" and "off-the-grid." On the grid involved doing things properly — as properly
as they could on a budget. So the car crash that sends Rhoda to prison was shot on a stretch of highway in New Haven that had been
closed for the night by an old cop buddy of Cahill's. They wired a couple of cars for party cash and found matching wheels in a junkyard.
They couldn't afford a crane to get the final birdseye shot, but they got a cherry-picker for 70 bucks and figured out how to achieve
the corners. "I remember being on top after shooting the crash and looking around and going, 'This is awesome! This is like one of the best
days of my life!'" Cahill says.

But it was the off-the-grid shoot that saw Cahill earn his spurs as a genuine "gentleshot" indie filmmaker. Why settle for anything's
permissible and you ask permission," he says. "Once you ask for permission everybody says, no, so sometimes you have to figure out how to
get something done. I think anyone in those situations who is desperately passionate about what they're going to do ends up doing something
illegal once in a while to make something that means something."

On *Another Earth*, crunch time came when they needed to shoot Rhoda leaving prison after a four-year stretch. They weren't going
to waste time and money asking for a permit, so after finding a suitable place in Connecticut, Cahill and Marling rented up with a
plan. Cahill shot from the car while Marling approached the prison entrance with a yoga mat. She told the duty officer she was
here to take a class with some inmates, and while the officer went to check his boro files, Marling
dropped the mat, walked out of the front door and lined the scene.

"All of a sudden we were surrounded by live cops," laughs Cahill. "They took us off the scene, which he says, 'moved
into custody and wanted to take our tapes. We said we were location scouting for me — like authentically genuinely moved
a bigger movie, so they introduced us to the warden. He loves movies so he me." The Sundance selection agreed choosing
set down with us and had a coffee. He gave us his card and said, 'Cahill. Another Earth as one of 16 entries for the festival from
me if you want to use our prison — we'd love for you to use it. We own 10,000 submissions. It received a standing ovation at
were like, 'Sounds good to us — we're already got the shot!'" its premiere.



Shooting wrapped but the story was
barely half over. Eight months of
editing followed before

So what's changed for Cahill? Everything and nothing. "You know
whenever you say, 'you have to write your profession on the passport
declaration? Before, I'd always write 'filmmaker' in quotes. After Sundance
I was like, 'I am putting that in bold print!' He smiled. It's everything I dreamed
of as a kid."

But Cahill is still here — on his Earth, not some fantasy planet of Hollywood's
invention. He's got another film to shoot (about reincarnation), and if he's got
a bit more cash in his pocket to make it, it's all going to be a modest effort.
These'll still be those windows, those walls that need scaling.

And yet he looks unlined. "The role of a director is to be an authenticity
meter," he says as we prepare to pack up. "To check what's coming
through the lens, is it reading as fake or is it reading as true? That
comes from a certain sort of intuition and a certain sort of
observation — you have to pay enough attention to what
real humans do in real situations, and I don't

think that goes away. So in that way

I think I'm the same." ☺



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PHILOSOPHER, AUTHOR AND FILM FANATIC
 MARK ROWLANDS JOINS THE DOTS FROM
 DESCARTES TO SCHWARZENEGGER IN THE MOST
 THOUGHT-PROVOKING SCI-FI MOVIES EVER.

It's the old story: Boy meets girl of his dreams — literally. His really asleep in a pod and is deceived into thinking otherwise by the machines that are using his body as a battery. Girl persuades boy to wake up, and a mere two and a half movies later the machines get their consequence — sort of. This, of course, is arguably the greatest philosophical movie trilogy of all time: *The Matrix*.

These movies — especially the first — are an exploration of a question made famous by philosopher/mathematician/scientist (and occasional necessary think Descartes) "What can I know? If we assume — as Descartes did — that knowledge requires certainty, we can find out how much we know by working out how much we can doubt.

Descartes argued that we can't be certain of (therefore can't know) very much at all. We can't even know that there is a world outside us. To make his point, he imagined an evil demon — his version of the machines — that has its fun by getting people to believe things that aren't true.

So while we think we inhabit a real physical world alongside almost seven billion other people, it's a reality just like the demon/machines deceiving us. This idea may sound frivolous, but it really is a way of making vivid a simple point: Nothing we ever experience can justify the hypothesis that there is a real physical world over the hypothesis that we're being deceived by a powerful intelligence — for our experience is equally compatible with both.

The second hypothesis might sound silly — but that, of course, is just what the demon/machines want us to think. Things get truly tricky when we realize that if the demon/machines can make one artificial reality, they can presumably make many. That is, the ratio between the real world and artificial reality would be one to many. So, if nothing ever experiences can lead us to favour the real-world hypothesis over the artificial reality hypothesis, then the balance of probabilities would seem to favour the artificial reality hypothesis. It turns out that we are more likely to be in the matrix than what we call the real world. Ridiculous? Maybe. But where is the flaw in the argument?



Descartes eventually escaped his doubts through the claim "I think, therefore I am." I cannot objectively doubt that I exist, because if I didn't exist, who would be doing the doubting? That I exist, therefore, is something of which I can be certain — something I can genuinely know.

But in fact, things are not as clear-cut as Descartes imagined. Even if it is certain that I exist — who is the "I"? It's this conundrum that takes us to the second great philosophical sci-fi movie: *Total Recall*.

Hauer (Arnold Schwarzenegger) is an agent who wants to initiate a rebel movement on Mars. The movement in question, however, has a leader with telepathic abilities who would easily sniff him out. So Hauer has a set of false memories implanted into his brain. ►

— memories that effectively scindate him into another person. Guaid, who has no telling of Hausen's existence.

To cut a long story short: Guaid successfully infiltrates the movement but when push comes to shove and his history is revealed, he decides he has no intention of going back to being Hausen, and defends his new identity with all of the gratuitous violence one has come to expect and love in a midcareer Schwarzenegger movie (i.e. a lot more than *Killing Jason* Cop).

Total Recall is a defence of what is known as the 'memory theory' of personal identity. What makes you the person you are — the same person as you were yesterday and different from any other person? According to the memory theory, it is your memories that do that. A scene late in the film that sees Arnie break free of a chair to which he is tied and then proceed to massacre his adversaries with the ease of said chair is perhaps the most stirring defence of memory theory ever conducted.

Interestingly later in his career, Arnie apparently reassessed his commitment to this theory. The *Die Day* presents a persuasive case against the memory theory by way of a 'duplication objection': the possibility of two different people who have exactly the same memories.

In this later offering, Arnie is posited as the director of a position defended by the Oxford philosopher Derek Parfit. Each one of us is at a persisting person, but merely a constant and rapid succession of different people housed in the same body. This theory might be rather useful if you have any leftover as a child with your housekeeper. You can, in that case, truly say to your wife, "It wasn't me. I didn't do it."

Alternatively, you might prefer another line of defence: "I couldn't help

it. I had no choice." This is the argument put forward by *Minority Report*. In Spielberg's film, Tom Cruise is the golden boy of the precinct and whose job is to stop crimes before they are committed. Helping him is a trio of precogs — seers of future crimes — until, one day, they see a murder and Tom is the perp.

Minority Report is an exploration of the philosophical problem of free will: could we choose to make these effects

"A SCENE THAT SEES ARNIE BREAK FREE OF A CHAIR AND MASSACRE HIS ADVERSARIES WITH THE ARMS IS PERHAPS THE MOST STIRRING DEFENCE OF MEMORY THEORY EVER CONDUCTED."

inevitable. Everything that occurs has a cause. Therefore, everything that occurs is inevitable. But if everything is inevitable, our actions, choices and decisions can't be free. Worse still, suppose not everything that occurs has a cause. An event like that would just happen for no reason. It would be random — something outside anyone's control — and therefore all not free.

Third option: causes don't make their effects inevitable, but they do influence them. But all influence can mean is

'partly inevitable, partly random, could, so said not free. Either way, we own's free. Free will is one of those things that we routinely assume we possess, and people might be rather upset if they were to discover that they don't have it. That's a pity — because it's unlikely there's any such thing.

Some think that without free will there can be no morality — and morality is the theme of the final film on this list, an offering in the invisible non genre. Paul Verhoeven's *Hollow Man* is an exploration of a question first discussed by Plato: Why bother being moral? Punishment — sanction of various levels of severity from simple disapproval to execution — is one reason. But suppose this were somehow taken away. Would we have any reason to be moral then?

Plato used the mythical story of the Ring of Gyges to explore this theme. Gyges is a shepherd, discovers a ring that makes him invisible. He uses it to kill off his rivals and eventually becomes king. In a similar vein, in *Hollow Man* Kevin Bacon plays a man who is not very nice to begin with, manages to make himself invisible and becomes completely invulnerable as a result. Cue some uncomfortable moments for Elizabeth Shaw, and of course a bad end for Kevin Bacon.

Just when he thought he had taken sanction out of the picture, it comes back and bites him. So, implicitly, the movie never gets past sanction as an answer to this fundamental question of morality. That's not just philosophically disappointing, it's psychologically weeping. ☹

Mark Rowlands: *The Philosopher at the End of the Universe* is a readable, new, I can't do it.

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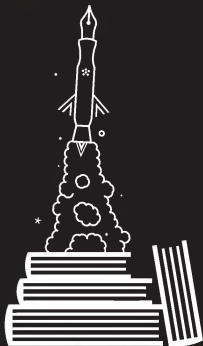
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AT THE GODDARD SPACE FLIGHT CENTER
IN MARYLAND, A UNIQUE COLLABORATION
BETWEEN NASA AND US PUBLISHER TOR
PROMISES TO SPARK A NEW SCI-FI BOOM.
(WIJES GETS THE LOWDOWN.)

SPACE

Twenty-two years before Neil Armstrong bounced on the moon, writer Robert Heinlein imagined three rocket engineers embarking on a lunar mission in a spaceship converted to run on thorium and zinc. Nineteen years before NASA put the first satellite in geostationary orbit, Arthur C. Clarke proposed using a set of satellites in fixed positions to form a global communications network. And 19 years before the first sub was created, Isaac Asimov invented the Three Laws of Robotics, which are still studied in electrical engineering classes at universities. The panel's Scientific and Fictional brilliance feed each other.

But the country that developed polkasortology first put men on the moon and developed the atom bomb — inspiring *Jurassic Park*, *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* along the way — is in danger of losing that brilliance. In America, none of the sciences feature in the 10 most popular university courses and, according to a state-sponsored review of science education, *Flying Above the Gathering Storm*, nearly half of adults in the country don't know how long it takes for the Earth to circle the Sun.

To reverse the trend, NASA has teamed up with sci-fi publishers Tor to produce accurate thrillers stuffed with ideas inspired by the latest technology. From November 29 to December 1, a team of writers handpicked by Tor will

pile down to the Goddard Space Flight Center in Green Belt, Maryland, where they'll see the latest NASA gadgets in action and learn from the specialists who operate them.

Ennio Sorriago-Arce, an electrical engineer at Goddard who negotiated the collaboration, hopes that the science-fiction inspired by these real developments will prompt future generations to take up techno geekery. "Young people don't seem to be interested in science and engineering — and I'm worried about NASA's workforce — that it's not going to be there," she says. "Hard science-fiction writers like Isaac Asimov, Jules Verne and HG Wells have been key to innovation because they dreamed of stuff way before it was possible and inspired a lot of kids to turn what lay in their imaginations into reality. Our idea with the Tor collaboration is to inspire future generations in that way."



Itching to relieve a *sensé* of wonder that got torn into discovery, Tor President Tim Doherty is grinning like a five-year-old over the deal. In fact, he's a 76-year-old sci-fi veteran who's been in the business since the 1950s, hanging out with astronaut Buzz Aldrin and helping Bill Pope produce his scorching book *How Do You Go to the Bathroom in Space?* ▶

A lot of classic zines such as *Analog* and *Galaxy*. Doherty has recently seen a dip in hard sci-fi and he wants to build on the connection between fiction and reality. "The soft I grew up with was onward-looking and filled with positivity. It explored the potential for growth and the wonderful things that people could do," Doherty enthuses. "The most impressive idea I read about back in the 1950s was solar power – a story in which someone created a silver satellite and broadcast power from the Sun down to Earth. But now solar has branched out and much of it overlaps with fantasy. Hard sci-fi extrapolates from what we know and envisages what might be, and that adds something more to a story – it's more than just pure fantasy. We need to get kids into it in order to innovate, evolve and look to the future."



To churn out a new breed of hard sci-fi novels, for writers will be given a tour of Goddard and then thrown into a speed networking event where they'll chat for five minutes at a time to the Space Center's specialists. The plan is to fill their brains with ideas – and Goddard is bursting with inspiration.

One of 10 NASA facilities across the US, the centre is responsible for operating scientific satellites, including the Hubble Space Telescope, which produces explosive images of space. The Solar Dynamics Observatory, which can detect flares from the sun. The Lunar Reconnaissance Orbiter, which recently beamed back images of the equipment left on the moon by the Apollo missions. And the Cosmic Background Explorer, which studies the pattern of radiation formed by the Big Bang.

On top of the far-out stuff, Goddard also assesses technology that many of us have in our homes. Temporal memories made from 'memory foam' were designed by NASA for astronauts' beds; some of the techniques used to polish spectacles were developed by the space agency to clean telescope lenses; and about 10% of the hardware on NASA technology that enhances communication. "And of course, we have the International Space Station and all of the weather work that we do," says Sontagof-Ace. "We know where all of the meteorological stuff is happening and a lot of what we do is part of our day-to-day life."



Once the writers have picked themes for their stories they'll continue to have access to NASA assets and will be given the chance to shadow them while they work. The resulting novels can follow wherever ideas they want. But all of the science must

be spot on – Goddard's guys will pick over the completed works to make sure they don't jet off into fantasy land. "When I'm watching a movie that makes space travel or other scientific principles, sometimes I think, 'Hens, I don't think that's possible, that's against everything we know,'" says Sontagof-Ace. "If you see that the right set of principles are there and the so it seems possible, you make a better connection. You don't get distracted by things that don't make sense."

In the vein of Sontagof-Ace's soft hero, Michael Crichton, most of the stories will be thrillers, written by authors (yet to be chosen as DMIs want to print) who have a science background. Doherty is a Captain Packer kind of guy who'd like one of the novels to be about a hero who cleans up the Earth. "To me, the most exciting technology being developed is for harnessing clean energy sources," he says. "It's up to the writers to do what they want, but stories might be something like a bunch of guys who are putting generators into the gulf stream to harness its power. They'd have enemies out for money or terrorists from the Middle East trying to stop them, but the heroes with vision will triumph."

Sontagof-Ace is also into the idea of stories based on Earth – she wants to use technology roadmaps like NASA devices that can be used to analyse data from CT scans and MRIs in the novels. But the biggest sense of wonder she gets from Goddard lies in galaxies far, far away. "Seeing things in space excites me," she says, looking off. "I think it's amazing. Before, we thought there was only us – just Earth – and then we saw planets and we saw the stars, and the stuff we see is just a tiny part of what is out there. The possibilities are endless. Now NASA's Kepler mission has identified planets similar to Earth that might have lifeforms. If there's a planet with a similar environment to ours, it could have life that looks just like us, although I'd like to be more positive than to think that others would come here to exterminate us. blast us into oblivion or steal Earth."

Countless novels over the past century have explored the potential for life on other planets, so where will sci-fi go next? "Discoveries that change the way we see our place in the universe have the biggest influence on the genre and the most important ones have been Einstein's Theory of Relativity and artificial intelligence and robots," Sontagof-Ace explains. "It's amazing how far we have moved in 20 or 30 years and I think that quantum mechanics has a lot to do with it."

It's all starting to boggle the mind. Throwing Einstein's Theory of Relativity into doubt, on September 24, scientists at CERN's large Hadron Collider in Switzerland found that neutrons – ghostly subatomic particles – may travel faster than the speed of light, potentially opening up the possibility for time travel. It's science, Jim, but not as we know it. 

THE COUNTER-EARTH THEORY IS BACK IN VOGUE. FILLING OUR SCREENS WITH DUPLICATE PLANETS IN BOTH ANOTHER EARTH AND MELANCHOLIA. THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM: IT'S RUBBISH. HERE'S WHY.

Like Marings' character in *Another Earth* points out, scientific consensus once held it that the Earth was flat. What few people realize, however, is that as far back as the ancient Greeks, radical philosophies were suggesting that the Earth was in fact spherical.

It was Philolaus who, in the late fifth and early fourth centuries BC, noted that the constantly moving alignment of the stars and planets must mean that the Earth is rotating around not only a central point, but also on its own axis. Depending on this, Philolaus concluded that the sun also lay true of every other body in the universe, including the Sun, Moon and remaining planets. For Philolaus, the point of this rotation was the "Central Fire" — a celestial body that housed the gods themselves.

But this theory posed a problem for the philosopher and his fellow Pythagoreans: it meant that there were only nine revolving bodies in the universe — the spheres of fixed stars, the five planets, the Sun, Moon and Earth itself. In the Pythagoreans' eyes, our universe was off-kilter, lopsided and incomplete: a system that was repugnant to any Greek, and doubly so to a Pythagorean who believed in the significance of the perfect number 10. So Philolaus deduced that there must exist a Counter-Earth, hidden from sight behind the Sun but conceivably acting as a counter-weight to our own.

plane
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barren and modern
science will tell you it's
impossible. Johannes Kepler's
second law teaches us that a
planet revolves faster when it is
closer to the Sun, so logically if a
Counter-Earth was to exist and allowed
the same orbit as our Earth, it would be
visible at specific points of the year.

What's more, we'd actually feel the
gravitational influence imposed by a Counter-
Earth. Hundreds of space probes and missions
to the Moon would have been thrown into
disarray, as the mathematicians required to get
them there would have been making an all-time
mistake. It's with a heavy heart that science is
forced to conclude that there is no mysterious planet
lurking beyond the sun.

And yet the late Harvard philosopher George
Berkeley Bush argued differently, or at least
offered a far less of a defence for the Greeks'
thinking. "The theory of the Counter-Earth is far
less intelligible or whimsical," explained
Bush in a 1954 paper. "This thought
cannot be expressed in terms of modern
mechanics, because modern mechanics
does not have the concept of a centre of
space. But Philolaus' mechanics did." Bush
resuscitated the reputation of the
Counter-Earth theory. Sure, it may look stupid now,
but it was at the cutting
edge of maths and
philosophy in its
day. ☹

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BRIGHT STARS

BRIT MARLING MAY BE THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK, BUT THE 27-YEAR-OLD WRITER AND ACTOR DOESN'T NEED HOLLYWOOD'S APPROVAL TO SPEAK HER MIND.



oeuvre. France's *Another Earth* has got sent the crowd at the Normandy-based Festival du Cinéma Américain into a chanted rapture. And Brit Marling is feeling relaxed.

It's coming up on two months since *Another Earth* took Sundance by storm and its then unknown lead was cast into a cosmic swirl of critical acclaim and "It Girl" hype. Over the course of 2011, Marling has become accustomed to a whirlwind routine of screenings, junkies and photocalls, as she and director/co-writer Mike Cahill have taken their ambitious indie debut from Park City to Pizzardi (where *Another Earth* opened the 19th Bandonia Film Festival) in late September.

But if awards ceremonies and red carpets have become Marling's meat and drink, she's quick to distance herself from the show of the biz. "It never occurred to me that there'd be dresses involved

and heels and red carpets," she declares in a breezy, glibly "Honestly, I'm completely shocked at that part of it. It seems so contradictory. But it's okay. It's all in good fun. I guess."

Glib and glamour come with the territory of being attached to a breakout hit — yet ask the likes of Jennifer Lawrence and Carey Mulligan (the Marling shoulder-to-shoulder with her more high-flying contemporaries, however) and her aversion towards the superficiality of Hollywood feels sincere. "So much of the process of doing press for this film has been about the surface: what you're wearing, how you look. I can see how it becomes distracting, the presentation and the posing of it all. That's fine, but it's not me."

"At the end of the day, no matter how big the set becomes and how much money is behind it, my job is always to attempt to tell the truth and not be fake and not lie. That's the thing I find most



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effective about acting, you spend every day working on your essence and your vulnerability. It's the opposite of what the rest of the world is telling you to do." If her script is beginning to look a little wide-eyed, now's the time to add some context.

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Six years ago, a career in the movies was a microscopic speck on Marling's life chart. She just graduated from Georgetown University with a degree in economics, only to turn down a job offer at an investment bank after deciding that she wanted to be an actress. She admits to being "nerfed" while performing in various high school plays, so what prompted this seemingly hasty change of heart?

"Mike and I met at Georgetown and began making short films with Zal Batmangli [who directed *Sound of My Voice*, Marling's next film], and I was attracted to the way acting scared me," she explains. "It required something of me that I had known intimately in childhood and since abandoned, which is this terrific sense of imagination." Ambition ensnared: Marling swapped DC for LA, writing a small part in *Silver Lake* (also with Cahill and Batmangli), and cradling the hope of finding a toehold in the film industry. No agent and a blank résumé made getting noticed tough, but Marling is an advocate of enterprise, not leaving things to chance.

"I wanted to act and Mike really wanted to direct. We were both unable to figure out how to begin that, so we decided to do something together. At the time, Mike had made a video art piece of himself interviewing himself in split-screen. We were watching that and at the same time we were listening to Dr. [Richard] Berensson, who's this really wonderful astrophysicist, on tape and something about the mixture of whatever was going on at that time led to this story."

She continues, bringing *Another Earth* into view. "It started as just Mike and I telling this story to each other out loud. We were doing that for a long time, telling the story back and forth and writing character profiles and trying to just really entertain one another. And then we came up with the ending and at that point we were just running around the apartment screening. A movie is such an endeavor and it takes up so much of your time, you really have to feel like you have something amazing to share—and at the point we really felt like we did."

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As *OWS* picks Marling's brain over the delicious ambiguity of *Another Earth*'s ending, the conversation comes back to destiny

and past decisions. For a brief moment, like her character Rhoda, Marling looks herself reflecting on what might have been. "I don't know what would have happened if I had continued on that path. I guess now I wonder what kind of person I would be, maybe there's another film out there running a hedge fund."

After churning over the "what if?" thrown her way, Marling asserts that she's not in two minds over the choice she's made. "Sometimes if you're good at something and you know how to do something well, you can end up staying on that path for too long," she says. "I felt a little bit like I had been following this thing that I was supposed to do, I don't regret studying economics and following that trajectory for a while, but I came to a point where, honestly, I just felt my mortality. I am not for forever, you know? My lifetime is just the universe shrugging her shoulders. It's so brief. Am I going to waste it doing something I don't fully believe is the right thing for me? No way."

There's another layer to all this existential small talk. Usually for a new girl on the scene, Marling is keen to establish herself as a storyteller as well as a screen presence. Just 27, she already has three writing credits to her name—*Another Earth*, *Sound of My Voice* and the upcoming *The Fault in Our Stars*—a string she's added not as a fallback but as a direct reaction to the current state of her trade. "When I first decided to act, the things that I could read for or go out for were... they just hurt my heart to read, and the thought of going to do them just overwhelmed me in a negative way."

"So many of the parts for young girls... you're usually passive. Things are happening to you, but you're never driving the action of the film, you're often being seduced or held at gunpoint or raped and someone's saving you. All of those positions are part of life, they don't not happen, but I couldn't figure out how I was going to wade through that swamp and still be the same person on the other side. I realized that if I wanted to be an actor, it would be useful to try to learn how to write."

Marling suggests that "we live so much of our lives based on what we see in film and television" that the repression of domestic women in cinema is symptomatic of the patriarchal social fabric we share. "I want to try to write more good parts for women," she says, "because there aren't as many as there are talented women to portray them."

"I like the idea of figuring out what the female journey is because I don't think we really know," she adds. "I think most of our storytelling is derived from a style of mythology that is mostly written by men. It's hard to really know what the female story is because the truth is, women haven't been writing it for that long." ☺

"A STAGGERING WORK OF GENIUS"

THE TIMES



TIME OUT



THE TIMES



STUDIO



EMPIRE



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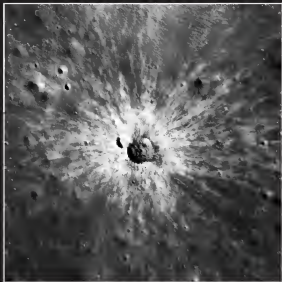
There is something haunting in the light of the Moon;
it has all the dispassionateness of a disembodied soul,
and something of its inconceivable mystery.

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Joseph Conrad, 1900

55793 543.243 433.774 -294.7074

THE SHORE OF SINUS IRIDUM
47.9°N, 31.7°W



To see a world is a grain of seed
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Held infinity is the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

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William Blake, 1803

55°N 144.372 122.778 -259.670N

THE SCHRÖDINGER PYROCLASTIC CONE
-75°S, 132°E



Art thou gale for happiness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the Earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy!

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Percy Byron Shelley, 1820

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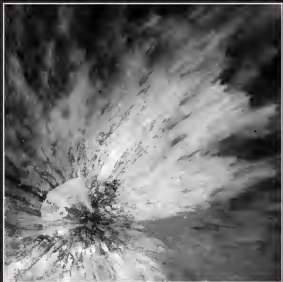
Men who have worked together to reach the stars are not likely to descend together into the depths of war and desolation.

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Lyndon B Johnson, 1958

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EJECTA BLANKET
CLEMENTINE MISSION (100 MPX)



I suppose we shall soon travel by our vessels,
make our instead of sea voyages, and at
length find our way to the Moon, in spite of
the worst of atmosphere.

∞

Lord Byron, 1802

557.07 . 147.448 . 429.183 . 296.2443



SELF REFLECTION

TEN FILM PEOPLE TELL LUCIES HOW THEY WOULD
BREAK THE ICE WITH THEIR DUPLICATE OTHER

MIKE CAHILL

Writer/Director

If I met another me, I would observe for a while. I wouldn't say anything. I would watch.

•

BRIT MARLING

Actress/Writer

I would ask what moves her the most.

•

JOHN HURT

Actor

"Well, fancy meeting you here."

•

WOODY HARRELSON

Actor

"Hey dude, you look like you could use a little rest."

•

SETH ROGEN

Actor/Writer/Producer

I'd punch him in the face and run. If the *Terminator* films have taught me anything, it's if you see a duplicate of yourself, they're there to replace you.

•

EMILY BROWNING

Actress

"Why do you look so nervous?"

•

MICHAEL SHANNON

Actor

"What's that thing in your bellybutton?"

•

JOACHIM TRIER

Writer/Director

"Dude, can you please, please, please do all the press for me so I can go make another movie?"

•

MICHAEL FASSBENDER

Actor

"Do you know the number of a good psychiatrist?"

•

STEVE MCQUEEN

Writer/Director

"Push it farther."

FLY ME TO THE MOON

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NASA'S SHUTTLE MAY HAVE BEEN PUT OUT TO PASTURE, BUT THE SPACE RACE IS FAR FROM FINISHED. A NEW ERA OF PRIVATE SPACEFLIGHT IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD AND *WILDS* IS GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE.



June 2011. The *Foranster* can't be a headline that it claimed survival as a sense of international despair. The End of the Space Age? was a whimsical arbitrary on what it saw as the moribund remains of space exploration. The Space Shuttle which would complete its final mission the following month had been nothing but a model of the 'Intelligent International Space Station' (ISS) was the biggest waste of money at \$100 billion and counting, that has ever been built in the name of Science. China might still be talking about a manned mission to Mars sometime before 2020, but for the western powers at least, the line of the star had been lost.

Such occasions rest on any number of factors: some believe that federal-sponsored space exploration is too hampered by bureaucratic red tape, others blame the administration of space travel as the most costly of modern wars, involving men and women beyond Earth's atmosphere. But underneath it all lies a more serious claim – that the ancient hunger for exploring worlds beyond our own no longer exists.

It might be less than 40 years old, but John F. Kennedy's famous speech about choosing to go to the moon because new hopes for knowledge and peace are there is of another age entirely. Flashed by Cold War politics and the spread of scientificism, the dreams of the 60s and 70s were popular times, their achievements seeming to momentarily unify humanity as it reached for the stars.

No more. Instead, many believe that we've learned nothing in the subsequent decades but our own limitations. We're blundered at the empty expanse surrounding Earth and rushed back to our own legs. Fulfilling a prophecy envisioned in 1959 by Kurt Vonnegut: The Stars of Tomorrow, in which astronauts bring like stones into space found only what had already been found in abundance on Earth: a sign of man's greatness without end.

It's a view given short shrift at the California offices of Space Exploration Technologies Corp. (SpaceX), set up by PayPal cofounder Elon Musk in 2002 – the same year his online payment

provider was sold to eBay for \$1.5 billion. In less than a decade, SpaceX has positioned itself at the forefront of a raft of private space exploration companies vying for both commercial and federal contracts. In June 2010 it raised a \$402 million deal to deploy Indian telecommunications satellites with its Falcon rockets and it will soon begin running cargo missions to and from the ISS as its Dragon spacecraft as part of a 12 mission \$1.6 billion contract with NASA. Filling the hole left by the vanished Shuttle in the process. For SpaceX, at least, the end of the space age is nowhere in sight.

"It's the absolute opposite," says SpaceX's chief executive, Elon Musk. "It's the end of an era, but it's the necessary end of that era if we're going to move forward. NASA has always hired private companies to build its craft; the difference now is in contracting. We're looking to have a private partnership where we bring in private investment and bear market principles. And when you bring in competition, that forces every company to compete on cost, reliability and safety. I now start as a race for Earth's orbit, but it's going to expand opportunities for space travel that we've never seen before."

The cost issue is a critical one. Despite the enormous sums being spent on space by federal and commercial contractors, SpaceX's success as its competitors is largely due to its ability to reduce prices. It has been the expense of space exploration rather than technological limitations that has stilled progress in the past. The iPhone may be a billion times more powerful per unit currency than the room-filling supercomputers in operation around the time man first stepped on the Moon, but the amount of fuel needed to break out of the atmosphere means that a similar spicing of efficiency has so far proved impossible in space travel.

Yet through a willingness to experiment with new designs and invest in new materials and fuels, SpaceX is managing to offer comparatively cheap flights. Its forthcoming Falcon Heavy rocket is expected to carry up to 53,000kg payload for \$100 million per launch – one third the cost of the Delta IV rocket being sold by major competitor United Launch Alliance's joint venture between Boeing and Lockheed Martin.

Cheaper launches mean more missions, more missions mean market can progress faster and go further. Ultimately, however, all companies circle the somewhat mythical idea that a craft will

one day be entirely reusable, taking off, entering orbit and returning to Earth without having to jettison rocket stages on route. The Shuttle was only partially reusable (the solid rocket boosters could be reused after several months' resting work, but the external tank was typically discarded). If a completely reusable, quick turnaround craft were invented, it would revolutionise space travel. A fanciful idea some think, but not to those at SpaceX.

"That's our goal," says Chief Executive "Every time you burn a rocket on every (the equivalent of having to buy a brand new \$200 million Boeing 747 each time you fly from Washington to London) Of every \$100 million space launch, perhaps only \$100,000 is fuel. Once we figure out a way of reusing vehicles, we're talking about an amazing decrease in costs. Some people think it's impossible, but to us it's the holy grail of space exploration."

This isn't the whole story. These are those who would argue that SpaceX's true holy grail is a far more fanciful idea than slashing prices on satellite deployment or supply missions to the ISS. SpaceX's commercial and federal work is largely a way of bankrolling research into the dream ambition that Elon Musk has established the company in the first place: his dream of colonising other planets.

It's a dream first rests on the assumption that an evolutionary discovery of the type that eradicated the dinosaurs is a real threat – one that needs to be insured against by establishing human outposts on habitable planets. It's not some dark, alien, morose that SpaceX is trying to hide; the company has already signed up to facilitate a forthcoming unnamed NASA mission to Mars, the main aim of which is to explore the presence of micro-organisms life and – by proxy – its potential as a viable stepping stone from Earth.

"The idea is that even if the odds are very small that something catastrophic could happen, it's a planet we should prepare for that instance," says Chief Executive. "We've gone from single to multi-cultural life, from living in the water to living on land, but this is the first time in the history of

human evolution that we've had the ability to live on other planets. And we need to take advantage of that before it's too late."

Musk is just one of a number of billionaires seeking to push the progress of human evolution beyond Earth's atmosphere and in doing so secure their place in the history books by leaving more something other than money. Robert Bigelow, who conceived his lifetime with a chain of budget hotels, has already launched two prototype space stations through Bigelow Aerospace and has plans to put a working station in orbit as early as 2014. Jeff Bezos, founder of Amazon, has his own more serious space exploration company, Blue Origin, which operates a space website, boasts a business symbolic crest and offers only occasional media

insights into the development of its vertical launch and landing New Shepard rocket program.

Actual the path of gradually getting beyond Earth's orbiters – affectionately known as 'insulinases' – one voice is as usual more vocal than most. In 2004 Richard Branson bought the design of SpaceShipOne, winner of the privately funded Ansari X PRIZE, which aimed to speed up technological development by offering

\$10 million to anyone successfully launching a craft into sub-orbital space and recovering it twice in two weeks.

SpaceShipOne was designed by engineer Burt Rutan and funded by the tune of considerably more than the prize paid by Microsoft cofounder Paul Allen and comprised a small craft that detached from its White Knight mothership at an altitude of around 50,000ft (15,240m) before igniting its rocket and powering up to around 150,000ft (45,720m).

The space tourism arm of Branson's empire – mostly named Virgin Galactic – is set to employ a sub-orbitaler, two-time member of the nation called SpaceShipTwo also designed by Rutan, operating three-to-a-half-hour flights from Utah to landing for which only a

"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN HUMAN HISTORY THAT WE'VE HAD THE ABILITY TO LIVE ON OTHER PLANETS. WE NEED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE."



tion is suborbital – and barely six minutes weightless) from the Mojave Air and Space Port in California. Scientists draw attention to the environmental impact of regular rocket flights not to mention the inherent dangers – the latter highlighted in 2007 when an explosion during ground testing killed three engineers – but nothing seems capable of preventing the tide of people gas-banking \$200,000 flights with \$20,000 deposits.

It might sound like a lot of money but it's a snap compared to what civilians have paid in the past for the privilege of seeing the Earth from space. In 2001, American engineer Dennis Tito paid \$20 million to spend seven days on the ISS; he was followed by South African software mogul Mark Shuttleworth in 2002 and US entrepreneur Greg Bresh in 2004. Virgin Galactic, by comparison, has dreams of one day offering a significantly cheaper service to the general public, but BBC science correspondent Martin Redfern remains dubious of it ever becoming a truly democratic way to travel.

"It's always going to take a huge amount of energy to get somebody into space," he says. "I imagine the cost will come down eventually – you might knock a zero off the price tag in 20 years time, but it's still going to be comparable to the most expensive luxury round-the-world cruise you can imagine. I don't think Ryanair will be running them."

Not, as Redfern points out, should potential customers lose sight of the fact that what they're buying is still only a suborbital flight – a stunning view of the Earth and a wonderful rush of weightlessness, but a short and bone-rattling experience that renders a long way from the fantastic voyages of science-fiction.

If anything, suborbital space tourism is a glorified exploration of Earth's immediate atmosphere rather than a space odyssey in the conventional sense. And that's largely in keeping with the current shift in how we as humans "use" space, which is now seen less as Von Neumann's vacuum of meaningless void out and more as a near-Earth resource rather than any old field teeming with satellites that control everything from television and credit card transactions to phones, farms and weapons of modern warfare.

"The shift has been from exploring space for spaces sake to using space for achieving X, Y or Z," says Ben Bowdley-Walker, one of a new generation of space lawyers and head of the Emerging Hi-Tech Threats to Global Stability Programme of the UN. "We're standing at the end of the era of 'unmanned space exploration' and we're talking about the application of space, about how best to use it for our various ends. And as more and more nations get involved – more than 60 states now operate their own satellite systems and more than 190 countries rely on space services in some way – the more important it becomes to make sure that their aims are likely to create a secure space environment for the long term."

The likes of Bowdley-Walker have been instrumental in championing the emerging field of space regulation – defining the legal responsibilities surrounding everything from the creation of space debris to the weaponisation of space, all issues with huge potential importance in mitigating future disasters, but which seem to take us ever further from the heights of the golden age of space travel to which end it seems. The Economist may have had a point: inner space is claimed, was useful, outer space was history.

Or perhaps not. Even in the comparatively workmanlike task of taking tourists into suborbital space on Virgin Galactic flights, the brilliant engineers and launch ballancers who themselves grew up with noses pressed to their black-and-white television screens hope to register dozens of space tourists in a new generation of potential astronauts, putting mankind's post-Earth evolution back on track and the hunger for exploring other worlds back in its heart.

"We stood a very big chance of losing our ability to inspire our youth," said an impressionist Ben Breen at a TED talk in 2007. "I feel very strongly that it's not good enough for us to have generations of kids that think it's okay to look forward to a better version of a cellphone with a video in it. They need to look forward to exploration. They need to look forward to breakthroughs. We need to inspire them because they need to lead us and help us survive in the future." (1)



"British drama at its best"
Best for Film

Junkhearts

Eddie Marsan

Romola Garai

Tom Sturridge

John Boyega

Candice Reid

"Eddie Marsan gives
a brilliant
performance"
Total Film



Directed by
Bafta Winner
Tinge Krishnan

15
Contains strong language
and some smoking

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The Future

Directed by *Miranda July*

Starring *Miranda July, Hamish Linklater, David Wornatofsky*

Released *November 4*

There's no point sitting back and letting Miranda July's second feature, *The Future*, wash over you. Like her protegee Jason, you must stop, frown, part the sea and walk through it soaked in tears. Because over the course of 90 minutes, July creates an environment, like an art installation, that you can explore and experience. But you must work for it.

Serena and Theresa, the tickle love, commitment and the formidable 'what next?' appear and disappear like clouds over a labyrinth of found objects, lost treasures and discarded junk. Search them out and you can find your own meanings among the detritus. As with her performance art and video chain-letters, July wants you to step inside the action. You are the actor in *your* life, she suggests, not a passive spectator.

The LA-based couple at the centre of *The Future*, Serena and Jason (played by July and Hamish Linklater), are struggling to take control of their own hand-drawn lives. With dead-end jobs, thwarted ambitions and laptop-induced melancholia, their days are kind of beige. So they decide to rescue a stray cat, which they can collect in a month. Knowing this will be their last moon-orbit of fustian, they quit their jobs and try to redirect their paths – door-to-door

activism for Jason and 30 YouTube dances in 30 days for Sophie.

But their rebellion is short-lived and they soon fall back into society's line – albeit more wonkily than before. Sophie has an affair with suburban dad Marshall (David Wornatofsky); and Jason befriends an old man who sells cheap household items in a free-ads newspaper.

All of the characters in *The Future* are outsiders yearning to come in, and July juxtaposes them with their environments to highlight this discord. We meet the stray cat, Paw Paw, who talks in a cat, croaky voice (July's own) – in his cage at the rescue centre, denouncing of never spending another night in the cold. Then there's Marshall's daughter, who burns herself recklessly in the second garden. And Sophie herself, standing salubly outside Marshall's house wearing her nightie in the morning. These characters don't fit this world and in those scenes they stand out, like cartoonists in bell jars, suffering in the stagnant air.

The Future is a coming-of-middle-age comedy for Slotho kids in their thirties; those Gen X misers who grew up without many prospects and are now facing the next stage of their lives with over-joy.

It would be easy to hate this film – fans of July's directorial debut, the 2005 Cannes d'Or-winning *Me and You and Everyone We Know*, will be familiar with her eclectic, throw-away and sometimes puerile style – but it's much more of a challenge to understand it. You never know, among all the otherworldly references – talking moons, little hippos, old Christmas cards, Richter paintings and gothic eyes – you may just discover some home truths. **Shelley Jones**

Anticipation. Cinema's indie darling is back with another offbeat rom-com for disconnected old souls.

Enjoyment. Long silences, muted colours and moon-eyed existentialism provide the backdrop for your own thought-making.

In Retrospect. A playfully self-aware dig at the emptiness of some modern lifestyles that will make you inventory your own.

4

3

4

Philip Seymour Hoffman

Plain Sailing

Interview by Adam Woodward

Philip Seymour Hoffman

Jack Goes Boating

Doubt

Synecdoche, New York

Charlie Wilson's War

Before the Devil Knows You're Dead

Mission: Impossible III

Capote

Gold Mountain

Punch-Drunk Love

Magnolia

The Big Lebowski

Boogie Nights

Hard Eight

Scent of a Woman

"I'm a theatre guy I got into acting because I wanted to be on stage," admits a reflective Philip Seymour Hoffman. "I always saw movies as something I wanted to do, I guess, but I didn't really know how you got into that. Really, I'm best known as movies because that's what's got the higher profile, but the theatre is where my heart is. I felt just kind of happened."

Triumphing his standing as one of cinema's most well-suspected dramatic actors allows Hoffman to maintain focus. His steady rise to prominence over the past two decades has been fortified by a veritable work ethic. Before bagging a handful of supporting roles in the early '90s, Hoffman was busy setting Off-Broadway sights following his graduation from New York's Tisch School of the Arts in 1989.

Now Hoffman has combined his two passions, adapting a play for his feature-length directorial debut. Originally produced by the Labyrinth Theatre Company (where Hoffman was costume designer for more than a decade) and from the pen of playwright Robert Glazier, *Jack Goes Boating* marks both a natural progression and a fresh challenge for the off-efficient Elton Cost: thesp.

But what was it about this offbeat urban comedy that prompted Hoffman to adopt it for his first foray into the unforgiving world of feature filmmaking? "When we were rehearsing the play, everyone would always comment on how cinematic it felt. So we thought it would be a great thing to do," he says. "I felt like a logical extension of what we'd been doing for a long time. So we kept going down that path and collaborating and working on the film as we had done the play. That's really how it came about, it wasn't something that I'd been searching for or that I made happen."

There's an anecdotal measure about the way Hoffman describes how he brought the project from stage to screen, and how the role of director found him. Yet his evolution from actor to director can't be attributed to chance. Since joining Labyrinth in the mid-'90s, Hoffman has written in and directed a number of critically acclaimed productions, including *The Secret*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *True West* and *Abyssal*, which he toured from Sydney to London and back.

He's gruffed head and picked up a clutch of awards along the way, including a Best Actor Oscar and two Tonys. "Making films is something that's been in the back of my mind for many years," he says, "but I guess it's taken me a while to realize that ambition because it's a really tricky thing. That's hard time with it, but I've got to give some thanks and gratitude to the other actors because they really did such good work and that really helped me out. I would just be there going, 'Cool!' Although I was helping them as a director, when I had to act they really helped me out and guided me when I needed it."

As Hoffman asserts, *Jack Goes Boating* is not a one-man passion project. Alongside him all the way was Labyrinth co-founder John Ortiz, who not only plays Jack's best friend and colleague in the film but, having worked closely with Hoffman for the past 15 years, provided "a solid base" on which to develop the plot and characters. "How thick you're going to follow that one relationship - Corinne and Jack's - and then you slowly realize the relationship you're following is the one that started the movie: the two men. In that respect, a was really important for me to be able to rely on John and have someone giving their input into the direction of the characters' relationship."

"You begin with them and you end with them," he continues. "It's a really nice development and it's where a lot of the audience has to be called *Jack and Chale*, to be honest with you."

That Hoffman prize-winning collaboration comes as no surprise. After all, he's synonymous with one of the most fruitful artistic linkups in modern cinematic history. Since 1996, casual cinephiles *Hard Eight*, Hoffman has played major parts in all but one of Paul Thomas Anderson's five features - the exception being 2007's *There Will Be Blood*. Now, after a near decade-long break, Hoffman and Anderson are back together filming *The Master*, a 1950-set drama about a charismatic preacher whose new faith takes America by storm.

Although characteristically unable to comment on the film itself, Hoffman reveals that reuniting with Anderson is likely to have some bearing on his growth as a director. "Working with Paul is always special and I consider myself very lucky to be doing so again. Obviously it's hard not to be influenced by someone so skilled and proficient at what they do, so I'll probably take more away from this project than I might have done before I started directing. It's been a while since we've worked together, although we talk from time to time and I think right now is an interesting point in both of our careers."

But while *The Master* is still in the early stages of production, audiences may have to wait even longer for Hoffman's next directorial venture. "I definitely want to direct another film some time but I don't know when that will be. I'm more immediately interested in directing more plays, and acting still takes up the majority of my time, especially film, because you're often away on a shoot for weeks at a time and that can be pretty disruptive," he says. "I think it'll be at least a year before I direct anything again, but after that I will direct a movie again because I feel a lot of fun doing this and there's a lot more I want to achieve as a director."



Jack Goes Boating

Directed by **Philip Seymour Hoffman**

Starring **Philip Seymour Hoffman, Amy Ryan, John Ortiz**

Released **November 4**

... and ship! Philip Seymour Hoffman goes directing in this well-attended but flat-footed wander through a shy New Yorker's dysfunctional daily grind. Hoffman as Jack, a fortysomething blue-collar omega male looking for a soulmate to fill the void in his stagnant life. Enter money-strapped Connie (Amy Ryan), who takes a shine to Jack after a fumbled blind date set up by mutual pals Clyde (John Ortiz) and Lucy (Daphne Rubin-Vega). After watching the fruits of their match-making labour begin to bloom, Clyde and Lucy are forced to acknowledge the faults in their own domestic set-up. He doesn't trust her, she doesn't respect him. Their marriage is a mess.

While watching his best (indeed, only) friend's relationship unravel, Jack relishes the newfound attention for self-improvement that comes with finding that special someone. He learns to cook, taking culinary tips from Lucy's former place on the side... and agrees to let Clyde help him find his water wings ahead of a sailing date with Connie. With the rhythmic lil of his favourite reggae track, The Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon" (quack sang +10), stuck on infinite repeat, Jack systematically moulds himself into a better man.

As well as being overwhelmingly sympathetic, these sequences mark *Jack Goes Boating* as yet another overwrought thumb-rubbed obscurity with romanticising the plights of the everyday. As an actor, independent cinema has the ability to provoke thought and stir emotions in a manner often beyond the grasp of the mainstream. This isn't aided in its worst, but hairs of pedestrian relationship drama, however sincere, certainly won't be saved.

Hoffman the director is never out of his depth, but it's disappointing just how laboriously he wades through the plot. Having faithfully transcribed the story from its original stage incarnation... Hoffman, Ortiz and Rubin-Vega all reprise their roles. There's little evidence of any character maturing. Hoffman the actor, meanwhile, is on top form, although Jack is by some stretch the most scruffy, engaging protagonist in this assemblage of media and self-gloating spouses.

Most surprisingly, it's Amy Ryan, the outcastic ace in the pack, who makes the slightest impact. Admittedly, there's not a great deal for her to work with, but she's pitifully unrecognisable from the powerhouse actress who stole *Good Bye, Lenin!* and sparred with Hoffman

in *Capote* and *Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*. She may pull off cerebral-chai well enough, but her talents merit something with a bit more oomph. Instead, it's left to *Boys n' the Boat* director Tom McCarthy to give proceedings a shot of wryness, popping up in a cracking supporting turn as Dr Bob. Comic and Lucy's shiny get-rich-quick scheming boss.

Had Hoffman taken a more direct cut from McCarthy's deadpan, observational style of despairing situation comedy, *Jack Goes Boating* might have been worth shouting about. Still, with *Pia's Movie* out this month, and *PDA's The Master* on the horizon, you can bet it won't be long before we're back singing Hoffman's praises. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. PSN adds RIR to his CV

Engagement. Sincere but formulaic indie moment

In Retrospect. Take Jack's lead and give that one a miss



Straw Dogs

Directed by **Rod Lurie**

Starring **James Marsden, Kate Bosworth, Alexander Skarsgård**

Released **November 4**

Controversial, raucy and fascinating, Sam Peckinpah's landmark 1971 rape-'n'-revenge thriller was all of the things this intriguing Hollywood remake isn't. But writer-director Rod Lurie's modern update is still something of a surprise.

Forty years ago, Dustin Hoffman was the dorky American northeastern kid who takes his young English wife, Susan, back to his native Cornwall, farmhouse, where their civilized lives are torn apart by her ex-boyfriend and his linked cronies.

Why more artfully crafted than you'd expect, Lurie's remake carefully follows the path of the original while adding a few ideas of its own. Switching Cornwall for the Deep South, Mississippi, it's also propped up by a strong cast whose their game dramatically. James Marsden plays David, an intellectual L.A. newspaperer; Kate Bosworth is Amy, his TV-actress wife. And Alexander Skarsgård is good 'ol boy Charlie, the town's co-jock and Amy's former high-school beau.

Ferocious, lush and oppressive, Lurie sensitively captures the look and feel of small-town America and makes *positively* measured work of bringing tensions to the boil. David immediately rubs the natives the wrong way by arriving in a Jaguar and

trying to buy a light beer with a credit card. At home, he listens to Beethoven, works on a screenplay about *Saturnalia* (shh!), keeps fit by stepping rope and does nothing to stop Charlie and his boys tearing at his neglected wife as the pigs around in microscopic shorts and no bra.

But Lurie, a former-film critic-turned-filmmaker, can't find a convincing final doorway into the film's dramatic core of violence. Amy's double-rape — famously argued over by critics, censors and feminists — remains extremely uncomfortable, but it loses the terrible ambiguity of Peckinpah's version.

More crucially, David's psychological arc — finally snapping by sinking down into primal *thrust* — just doesn't shift convincingly. One moment he's listening to Beethoven. Next minute he's grabbing a nail gun, a bear trap, two jars of boiling oil and smacking a man's head to a pulp to defend his home.

This rit into macho bloodlust — by him and us — is the whole point of the film: unmaking the savage animal that still crouches in the most civilized modern man. Visceral and gripping as it often is, however, Lurie's version fails to show how David 'wins' but loses everything he stands for in the process, leaving you wondering just what the whole film actually has to say for itself.

Then again, the fact that nothing in *Straw Dogs* quite shocks like it needs to perhaps says more about our ceding the screen cinema than it does about Lurie's film. Even if it's less provocative than the original, the daring of the cast and the edginess of the themes make this much more interesting than most studio films. The charismatic Skarsgård, in particular, has a chance with new, deeper shades.

There was a danger that a Hollywood remake of *Straw Dogs* could've been a simple, tasteless, exploitative exercise (see last year's *I Spit on Your Grave*). At the very least, Lurie's effort manages at something much more serious than it might have been. **Jonathan Crooker**

Anticipation. Controversial '70s landmark refuted by Hollywood. **11/11**

Enjoyment. Unseen but overrating and much, much better than expected. **3**

In Retrospect. Marsden, Bosworth and Skarsgård are superb. But what was the point? **3**

This Our Still Life

Directed by **Andrew Kösting**
 Starring **Andrew Kösting**,
Leila McMillan, Eden Kösting
 Released **November 25**



Watching a series of drawings—now collected in a beautiful book—*This Our Still Life* offers a beguiling and expansive portrait of “Yougo,” the arctic outback town Pyramon hides-bobs that filmmaker Andrew Kösting shares with his partner Leila McMillan and their daughter Eden (the “star” of the director’s first feature, arctic British road movie *Gullfoss*). A family of artists for whom creativity flows like blood, life in this part-time rural idyll is idiosyncratic, rudimentary, fun and intimate.

Filmed over a 20-year period on a Neo Super 8 and a primitive Samsung digital camera with incidental music from either the radio or Eden’s own CD collection (music composed by Scorsese also featured), the film explores notions of nostalgia, memory, inclusion and loss as it offers matched insights into the minutiae of the Kösting family’s everyday living.

Roaming from season to season, the film also depicts the passage of time and the surrounding

elements, including the local wildlife that encroaches, intrudes threateningly so, on the Köstings’ domesticity. Convinced the director’s playful and experimental approach to the representation of sound and image, *This Our Still Life* uses cut-ups and sound bites to ensure that this portmanteau allows for and invites implied narratives, resisting the easy categorization of biography or documentary.

Spurred into editing the wealth of material following a Chikwena 2006 viewing of Sam Rainscape’s *Day After Sun*, Kösting describes his most recent creation as being about “who we are and what we do.” Influenced by the director’s beloved *The Moon and the Melancholic* and by Gilson Koppell’s most recent *Stop Parkways*, the film continues the interest in landscape, flora and topography that have driven *Gullfoss*, *This Hilly Earth*, *Just* and the director’s numerous other non-feature-length forays into the northern regions of the moving image. This is a refreshingly

and ultimately poetically moving and affecting work. Viewing it is a very strongly recommended, whether you’re already part of Kösting’s orbit but vociferous film club or not. **Jason Wood**

Anticipation. A new film from one of the brightest under-heard voices in contemporary British cinema. **4**

Enjoyment. A unique and astonishing portrait of people and place. **4**

In Retrospect. Intriguing, innovative and undoubtedly one of the director’s very finest creations. This is a film to cherish. **4**

Machine Gun Preacher

Directed by **Marc Forster**
 Starring **Gerard Butler**,
Michelle Monaghan,
Michael Shannon
 Released **November 2**



“Won’t somebody please think of the children?” isn’t *Machine Gun Preacher*’s tagline, but considering the film’s compelling lack of nuance or restraint, something that mid-dramatic would have been entirely fitting.

Not that in depiction of a war-torn East Africa, where children are the ones who bear the bloody brunt of conflict, Joseph Kony’s sadistic political campaign, is something to be ridiculed. The war in northern Uganda is a topic worthy of in-depth scrutiny and *Preacher* intelligently finds its way in via the war story of Sam Childers.

Gone from leather-vest-wearing druggie to born again Christian, Childers (Gerard Butler) embraces his faith and answers a call for help from Uganda, where he gets caught up in the trouble. Rescuing Children with intense emotion, Butler is fortunate. He’s an anti-funny hero whose addictive personality has him dogging with the same focused energy that fueled his boozing benders.

But by focusing so intently on Childers, director Marc Forster does his film a disservice. That’s especially apparent in the casting of Michelle Monaghan and Michael Shannon (as Childers’ wife and buddy respectively), who are given loads of intriguing subplots that never have a chance to

germinate. Meanwhile, less involving characters get more screen time—including a wise little boy who’s pure dabb.

All that could have been forgiven if *Preacher*’s Uganda segments packed enough wallop, but as the real victims of the conflict emerge in their bloody messes—those defenseless children—Forster all but hammers his message home with a mallet. Significantly, *Machine Gun Preacher* eventually tumbles into tediously preaching territory before the film’s final act battles under the considerable weight of those hard-bitten images. **Josh Wussak**

Anticipation. Fast have hasn’t been great, but Butler looks on good form. **3**

Enjoyment. Lacking entirely in subtlety, *Preacher* fires on all cylinders and quickly burns itself out. **2**

In Retrospect. Overly preachy and overly long. Chalk it as a missed opportunity. **2**

The Awakening

Directed by *Nick Murphy*
Starring *Rebecca Hall,*
Dominic West, Imelda Staunton
Released *November 11*



This is a time for ghosts, then the man whispers. Nick Murphy's *The Awakening* (this one is 1921) is weird and brilliant, has killed millions and has never been banned. The man is a doctor (complete with authorizing references) from the book *Swing Through Glass* by our Florence Cartwright, who will turn out to be the film's protagonist. And so *The Awakening* has already begun the strange dance of hot and frozen that will later continue at an isolated boarding school where – amidst boyish pranks and squalid fights – eternal truths about trauma, guilt and how we should go pink through.

We first meet Florence (Rebecca Hall) engaged in her own masquerade, smuggling into a London class to debunk proceedings. We see the exposure of the fraudulent spiritualist's bag of tricks with all the forensic acumen of a ghostbusting Sherlock Holmes; the sequence also reveals

a truth about the human need to believe.

Florence enters on a new case at a Cambrian school said to be haunted by the ghost of a boy drowned there decades earlier, and more recently the scene of another boy's death. Armed with scientific apparatus and her own deductive powers, she quickly wins through the ghosts to a more rational explanation. But then, after the schoolboys have banded home for Christmas, she says so, alone but for war-scarred schoolmaster Robert Mallory (Dominic West), marine Maud (Imelda Staunton), vacation boarder Tom (Iain Hamptford-Wright) and war-shaking outsider Judd (Joseph Minko). Except that these are others, too, lurking in these corridors, if only Florence could see what is before her eyes.

Everything about this classic ghost story is assured, from the performance to the period

detail, from the time-lapsed locations to the bleached-out patients – all held together by an engagingly unified screenplay that carefully sets up satisfying clues while retaining a haunting ambiguity to the end. **Aaron Bilal**

Anticipation. These days (non-Spanish) ghost stories invite suspicion.

3

Engagement. "Don't look away. You mustn't look away."

4

In Retrospect. An elegantly constructed masquerade, but its haunting sadness rings true.

4

The British Guide to Showing Off

Directed by *Jen Barnatoch*
Starring *Briony Lee,*
Andrew Logan, Richard O'Brien
Released *November 11*



Perhaps the most interesting moment in Jen Barnatoch's flexible portrait of the Alternative Miss World pageant – an outsider art spectacle of ethnic counter-culture and cross-dressing dandied by artist Andrew Logan – comes in its closing moment, as a young Nigerian approaches the organizers. Dreaming of winning the prize ("She rang up saying she wanted to represent Nigeria. I told her we don't do that"), Miss Nigeria nevertheless survives a young man with scars on his body from persecution in his homeland. After performing, he's singled out backstage, told that he was "fabulous" and responds with a well-oiled burst of gratitude.

It's a moment to Barnatoch's discretion that he's managed to expose the inextricably benevolent heart of the subject while keeping such moments of social commentary a potent minority.

Directed by Logan in 1912 and running incessantly ever since, the pageant functions as an open-may bad-case drag spectacular, sometimes inserting the revival-of-the-permanent body politics of the original Miss World, sometimes settling for pure, pleasurable mimicry.

Contributors and fans include Derek Jarman (pre-time winner of the crown as Miss Gipsy Saxon), Brian Eno and David Bowie. Barnatoch's film traces the 2009 pageant from organization to fruition, blending fly-on-the-wall footage with archive film, cultural beach (including Eno and Jarman) and glowing Gillian-epoque animation that echoes the hand-painted aesthetic of the pageant.

Some-of-the-show Logan is described variously as an Egyptian high priest and a naughty zombie, and appears to be an unmythical national treasure –

a man who rejected Andy Warhol's advice as how to achieve commercial success, and a throwback to '60s subculture still politely offering a disliking space for his patron to peel off their layers of societal constraint and wallow in ecstatic taboo. If the event is a facade as charming as Barnatoch's film, it deserves to move just a little closer to the mainstream's radar. **Christopher Nelson**

Anticipation. Outsider art dressed up? No thank you, darling.

2

Engagement. Oh, go on then

4

In Retrospect. How absolutely bloody marvellous

4

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★★★★★

"An astonishing-looking
adaptation"

Robert O'Hara, Empire

★★★★★

"An extraordinary
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"Raw and affecting
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IN CINEMAS NOVEMBER 11



The Deep Blue Sea

Directed by Terence Davies

Starring Rachel Weisz, Simon Russell Beale, Tom Middleton

Released November 25

The stories in filmmaking of Terence Davies always give cause for celebration.

A figure responsible for some of the finest works in post-war British cinema, Davies' films are remarkable for their symphonic structure and meticulous sense of composition and attention to detail. Physical and emotional endurance, class, restrictive family ties and the destructive effects of religion and other dogmas are recurring thematic concerns in all these works. *The Deep Blue Sea* is classic Davies territory and a potent reminder of why he is a director to cherish.

Honor Collyer (Rachel Weisz) leads a privileged life in 1950s London. The beautiful wife of pensionless but doing-high-court judge Sir William Collyer (Simon Russell Beale), Honor—in a material sense at least—seems for nothing. To the shock and dismay of those around her, however, Honor walks out on her marriage and life of luxury to move in with a daring young ex-KIAF pilot, Freddie Page (Tom Middleton). Finding herself emotionally stranded and physically isolated, Honor feels Freddie drifting away from her and in an bid to win him back attempts suicide. Succumbing only in embracing herself further, Honor is forced to confront all too slowly the foibles of the human heart.

Named after the dilemma of having to make the choice between two equally undesirable situations, *The Deep Blue Sea* is adapted by Davies from Terence Rattigan's acclaimed play, which initially shocked British theatregoers with its frank exposure of national misgivings about sex and class. An uncompromising study of the fear of loneliness and the frustratingly unrelatable nature of love, the play is now considered Rattigan's crowning achievement.

In the hands of Davies—whose adaptation was endorsed by the Rattigan estate in the centenary year of the dramatist's birth—the story of a destructive love triangle also reflects the state of early 1950s Britain, a country in the throes of post-war rebuilding, whose sense of power, worth, wealth and identity has been eroded.

Post-war Britain has been very much a vital and exciting setting for Davies, and here, with an emphatic and poignant emphasis on the position of women in the patriarchal 1950s, there's a clear lineage with 1988's autobiographical landmark *Damned Lies, Still True*.

Scripting away much of Rattigan's exposition and many of the extraneous characters that inhibited the original production, Davies, a wholly aficionado of the melodrama, gives contemporary audiences an almost unbearably

moving and audaciously non-judgmental story about women's lives and desires. By extension, the film also looks at a wider issue at the quest—frequently frustrated or at best fleeting—for individual fulfillment and freedom.

Handsomey designed (the sets and costumes are impeccable) and luxuriously shot by DP Florian Hoffmeister, *The Deep Blue Sea* is also characteristic of Davies' oeuvre in making exceptional and resonant use of music. A recurring leitmotif, Samuel Barber's "Violin Concerto" gently underlines the emotions and, alongside the terrific and incredibly subtle performance of Rachel Weisz, is one of the film's fundamental and most essential components. **Joan Wood**

Anticipation. Terence Davies adapts Terence Rattigan. **5**

Enjoyment. Beautifully written, realized and performed. **4**

In Retrospect. Descriptive as its depth of emotion, this is filmmaking of the highest order. **4**

ADRIANO LUZ

MARIA JOÃO BASTOS

RICARDO PEREIRA

CLOTILDE HESME

AFONSO PIMENTEL

LÉA SEYDOUX

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NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL 2010

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Jonathan Romney, SIGHT AND SOUND

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BRILLIANT PIECE OF FILM
MAKING THIS YEAR...
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A film by RAÚL RUIZ

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Nick James, SIGHT AND SOUND

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KEEPS THE VIEWER GLUED TO THE SCREEN."

Rob Nelson, VARIETY

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Michael Shannon

Perfect Storm

Interview by Adam Woodward

Michael Shannon

Take Shelter
The Runaways
My Son, My Son, What Have Ye Done
Bad Lieutenant
Revolutionary Road
Before the Devil Knows You're Dead
Shotgun Stories
Rag
Bad Boys II
8 Mile
Vanilla Sky
Pearl Harbor
Tigerland

Michael Shannon doesn't do straight. That scummed disclaimer and those big, fierce eyes hardly scream "everyman." In the latter half of the last decade, it's Shannon's new trademark intensity and ability to take himself (and the audience) to a darker place blink-quick that's won him line his movie with numerous awards and plaudits.

Yet while he's made his name playing men mad on power (*The Romanoffs*), revenge (*Before the Devil Knows You're Dead*) and just plain mad (*Rag*, *My Son, My Son, What Have Ye Done*), Shannon isn't about to let any labels stick. "I look for variety, which is probably surprising to hear for some people, because I know some folk think I tend to play the same characters a lot of the time," he says. "But for me, variety is really key. Even if you think all I do is play crazy people, my response would be, 'There's a lot of different types of crazy.'"

"Crazy" in *Take Shelter* takes the form of Curtis LeForsie. He's a hard-working blue-collar family man whose world revolves around his charming wife and cut-as-a-bug's-car daughter. He's also suffering from a troubling, subconscious-widening mental breakdown. If that as Shannon doing straight, it comes with a nice edge.

It's a role you imagine would be hard to shake off once the final spool of 35mm had been wound up and the set packed down, such is the potency of Curtis' affliction. But taking on the kinds of roles most actors would shy away from a personality who sees Shannon open. "I tend to be drawn to characters that are struggling, really fighting for something," he says. "But a lot to be an epic struggle, nothing too casual."

Shannon is in *Venezuela* getting his teeth into a different kind of crazy when *HP Love* borrows his name to shoot the breeze. He's on a break from filming *Bad of Steel*, Zack Snyder's megabudget Superman reboot in which Shannon will be seen sparring with Henry Cavill's Kryptonian hero as General Zod. It's a juicy cinema role Shannon says he's relishing, one he admits

was "impossible" to turn down. "He's not a stereotypical villain," explains Shannon. "He doesn't breathe fire or have horns coming out of his skull. He's a general, in the same way that General Patton and General Grant were generals — that's what he is. He's a lady going complicated than just a villain."

Despite his enthusiasm for *Man of Steel*, you get the impression that Shannon isn't exactly warm with the whole blockbuster machine. Doing things on a more personal scale is much more his style. Which brings us back on topic: *Take Shelter* is Shannon's second film in five years with writer/director Jeff Nichols — the film being 2007's *Shotgun Stories*, a dark, minimalist drama about feuding half-brothers in rural Arkansas and it's provided him with perhaps his most intimate role yet.

The pair met back in 2003, not long after Shannon had completed an OJ-slaying run of *Rag*. "Jeff was just getting out of film school and didn't have a lot of money," recalls Shannon. "He approached me with *Shotgun Stories* in a formal and very sincere way. I read it and I thought, a man one of the most brilliant screenplays I'd ever read in my lifetime and I'd do it no matter what the circumstances. I basically did it for free. He put everything he had into making a. I think he spent around three years editing it before he eventually got it out there. Afterwards, Jeff became very mature about what his next move would be."

Both *Shotgun Stories* and *Take Shelter* are about family, about the trials of growing old and the eternal bond of siblinghood. It's the latter, though, that was most directly informed by events in the lives of his son and director. "As well as having anxiety about his own career move, Jeff was about to be a father for the first time," explains Shannon. "He was starting a family and I was starting a family — I just recently had my first child with my girlfriend." The synchronicity doesn't end there. "And you know that Curtis' father passed away and my father passed away

recently, too. It's kinda spooky that it happened that way, but I think it shows that the genres of the film came from us both dealing with these very different concerns."

A perfect storm of conflicting emotions gives Curtis' "madness" added resonance. Ultimately, *Take Shelter* is about more than panicked schizophrenia — it's a film that captures the way we deal with everyday setbacks, how (if at all) we sit about re-pacing ourselves after being shattered by life's cruel, unpredictable blows. As Shannon continues, "Even with the people you love it can be hard to share yourself completely, because we all keep things bottled up, even from the people dearest to us. But I think it's important that we keep some things in our hands. Things can lurk in your subconscious, these little seeds of something like Curtis is experiencing. They may lay dormant for years, or even decades, and then all of a sudden they get a little water on them and they start growing."

Whether under the wing of a relative newcomer like Nichols or someone as seasoned as Warner Horng (as he was in 2009 for *My Son, My Son and Bad Lieutenant*), Shannon states that he often finds himself profoundly influenced by a director's energy. His profile may have been used by his Oscar-nominated supporting turn in 2008's *Revolutionary Road* and more recently in HBO's heavily acclaimed *Boardwalk Empire*, but Shannon still clearly treasures passion projects a point supported by the fact he's about to start filming *Mid, Nichols'* 2013-slated dark feature.

Shannon acknowledges his urge to "transform" himself in order to meet a director's vision, even going as far as relocating his accent to his location. It's a search he finds difficult to turn off. "Even when I'm traveling I'll see myself change. I'll come to London and find myself speaking in a British accent all of a sudden, which is ridiculous. It's in my DNA, I guess."



Take Shelter

Directed by **Jeff Nichols**

Starring **Michael Shannon, Jessica Chastain, Shea Whigham**

Released **November 25**

If the measure of a man were determined by his domestic feats, Curtis LaFordhe (Michael Shannon) would be rubber-stamped "ordinary." In small-town Ohio, he takes shifts at a local drilling firm, bringing home enough bread to keep his wife Samantha (Jessica Chastain) and young daughter Hannah (Dora Swanson) clothed and fed. It's a modest existence, but they get by. They're content. Happy.

But a storm is gathering in the distance. Bad storms and blackened heavens become regular sightings in Curtis' daily routine. Worringly, he seems to be the sole observer of these ominous phenomena. He's about to descend into a personal nightmare that will splinter his whole-pokez ideal with the sudden impact of a lightning bolt.

On the surface, *Take Shelter* finds Shannon occupying a familiar handprint. But as *Shogun* (Shannon) and writer/director Jeff Nichols' 2007 collaboration) proved, first impressions can deceive. Because although Curtis is a man with biblical angst destined to battle the schizophrenic that consumes him comes from an ambiguous need.

Like *Shogun* Storm, we learn that Curtis' father has not long passed away and the

additional absence of his elder brother has thrust him into the patriarchal spotlight. For the first time, he's aware of his own mortality and the weight of his responsibilities. Then, much later, we meet his mother, a shell-like victim of bipolarity. Is Curtis prey to apocalyptic premonitions? Is his affliction hereditary? Or are the storms of madness beginning to rot his mental core?

The fact that *Take Shelter* leaves us with more questions than answers is Nichols' shrewdest move. The confusion of Shannon's performance, allied with the notion that Curtis is fundamentally a good man, ensures we keep the faith that brighter stars and Spring rains will eventually return. Samantha, though loyal, isn't quite so sure.

Through her worried and worried eyes we see the LaFordhe world war painfully towards the point of no return. Like her, we fear that Curtis' impulsive actions may be final. The tormented banker he curves into the neck of his suburban backyard to protect his blood from the End of Days might as well be a hard-punked outlier.

But when motor oil is spit, carhorns from the grey clouds and chirping words crash around Curtis' head once more, it's impossible to ignore

the sensation that disaster, be it human or natural, is an inescapable force we must all eventually face. Life is fragile. Love is unscapable.

For all its allegorical overtones, however, Nichols' ornate splicing of genre and mood ultimately dulls his film's impact. The narrative doesn't stand absolute during, it's better for the lack of it, but a touch more metaphorical tact, or at least less repetition, would turn *Take Shelter* from a break gate to a force five. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Won the Critics' Week Grand Prix in Cannes

Enjoyment. Shannon and Chastain are a force to be reckoned with

In retrospect. The supernatural horror/suburban drama mash-up doesn't always sit well, but there's no need to take shelter from the Shannon/Nichols union

Resistance

Directed by *Anita Gupta*

Starring *Andrea Riseborough,*

Tom Wlaschko, Michael Sheen

Released *November 25*



Presenting alternative history can be a tricky business. Get it right and the effort can be profound (*Nurse Jackie* G.1, *Darwin* 9). Get it wrong, and you could find yourself fighting for scraps with Richard Kelly. First-time director Anita Gupta falls on the former side of the film's ledger, but its expositional conviction is enough to turn his film from straying into tedious.

It's 1944, five years since the failed D-Day landings, and the Nazis have reached a remote Welsh village after goose-stepping across the English Channel all the way to Whitehall. Here, a handful of women tend to their dwindling flocks in bitter winds under the harsh landscapes with meager livestock.

Their husbands are mysteriously absent — seemingly off mounting a covert counter-attack — leaving the women under the watchful eye of a group of Wehrmacht soldiers sent to

occupy the region. To begin with, the women's resistance manifests as a collective cold shoulder turned against their invading aggressors.

But as the months pass, the air changes. Sarah (Andrea Riseborough) begins to look beyond the surface, recognizing that in order for the oncoming winter they must pull together. They begin engaging with one another, piecemeal at first, but over time hostility and hatred are diluted by pragmatism and the raw will to survive.

From this point, the relationship between the women and soldiers becomes increasingly complex. Captain Albrecht (Tom Wlaschko) goes from a threat — so much so that, in a moment of mistaken trust, he reveals to her the shoddy tactics for his squadron's prolonged stay in the village. Sarah, while cordial, remains untrusting.

Gupta complements Owen Stern's source novel with a moody palette of browns that

and Gustavo Goyas, according to the austerity of the mountainside in which this potent and highly critical war unfolds. But like its setting, *Resistance* is a cold, bleak film. Riseborough is superb, but an all-in-head Michael Sheen cannot undo even what's winning conflict. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. World War II hits Wales.

3

Enjoyment. An accomplished first feature. It's Riseborough who emerges head held highest, though.

3

In Retrospect. Vanishes from view like sheep in the mist.

2

Junkhearts

Directed by *Tiago Krulheira*

Starring *Eddie Marsen,*

Romola Garai, Candice Reid

Released *November 4*



Continuing the tradition of downbeat Brit pop in all its gritty, gloomy glory, debut director Tiago Krulheira's small but powerful discussion of family, addiction, love and loss ticks off with a potent and disquieting sense of foreboding which sets alarm bells ringing from the get-go.

Indeed, from the minute we see Eddie Marsen's distraught and disoriented man, we know things are going to get much worse before they get any better for these characters. Marsen as Frank, an ex-soldier haunted by a violent past. He lives a life of solitude in his small tower-block London flat, pounding the booze in a bid to suppress the painful flashbacks of dark days gone by. On a routine trip to his local off-licence, Frank has a brief run-in with 16-year-old runaway Lynette (Candice Reid), whom he offers to take under his wing.

Intensely reclusive and repelled of the stranger's generosity, the filly Lynette eventually accepts Frank's kindness and the two tentatively form an unlikely bond. However, when her drug-purchasing boyfriend (Tom Saunders) turns up on the doorstep, Lynette and Frank's lives once again begin to spiral out of control.

Meanwhile, a seemingly unconnected single mother/butchesswoman, Charlotte (Romola Garai), is dealing with problems of her own, which include a drug addiction and an affair with a married man. The inevitable downward plunge for all involved provides a fairly depressing experience, but Krulheira keeps us on our toes and treats with a number of narrative diversions that keep you guessing which direction *Junkhearts* will take.

Exactly, though, the incongruous Romola Garai portends of the film (eventually whittled

down to pretty much nothing) lead to an abrupt, jarringly optimistic finale that doesn't sit comfortably with the rest of the film.

Still, with an eye for the stylish and stylish, Krulheira has crafted a moving and captivating drama, and his incredible ensemble cast brings this tale of loneliness and love to life. **Lee Griffiths**

Anticipation. More doom and gloom on the streets of London.

2

Enjoyment. Depressing, uncompromising, absorbing and moving.

3

In Retrospect. A gritty, self-centered directorial debut.

3

Joachim Trier

Tour de Norvège

Interview by Adam Woodward

Joachim Trier

Oslo, August 31st
Reprise

A quick leaf through the history books will tell you that 1950 was a bad year for Europe's cine establishment. May saw *cinéma* François Truffaut arrive in Cannes as unknown and leave with the Best Director prize, while Alain Resnais' *Hiroshima Mon Amour* won the *Nouvelle Vague* at more than merely the flavor of an unseasonably sunny month on the Côte d'Azur.

By the time the word settled, the furniture had been rearranged. In the tradition of this cultural revolt, various contemporaries to *The 400 Blows* and so had been overshadowed. One of them was *The Cane*, a defiantly unconventional film from a young Norwegian named Erik Lecker.

Despite making waves in his homeland, Lecker's lack of recognition in Cannes and the consensus at large was a bitter blow he never fully recovered from. He made just one more film before turning his back on filmmaking in the mid '70s. To Scandinavian cinema, *The Cane* remains a watershed release.

Past forward to May 2011 and another Norwegian son attended the red-carpet of Cannes' Grand Théâtre Lumière for the first time: Joachim Trier – Lecker's grandson. Amongst the world cinema heavyweight propping up the Un Certain Regard category, Trier looked in danger of belatedly continuing an unfavorable family tradition. But instead of signaling the beginning of the end, *Oslo, August 31st* tilted Trier from a distant promisee to bona fide star.

Lecker isn't the only cinematic root in Trier's family tree; his father worked as a sound designer and his mother was a keen documentarian. But while making films is in his blood, the 37-year-old was late to embrace his lineage: "I had no appreciation of cinema from a young age, but I spent most of my teen skateboarding," recalls Trier. "It was Norway, champion a couple of times and my youth revolved around doing a lot of stunts videos and competitions."

During this formative period, Trier began shooting himself and other stunts, eventually abandoning his first love altogether to focus on life behind the lens. "It was sort of a lifestyle choice to go into filmmaking," he reflects. "I guess I just got tired of the whole skate scene, but I learned a lot from that time, particularly through making videos where you're always looking to shoot the coolest trick in the best and most interesting way possible."

To complement his vocational U-turn, Trier moved to London to study at the National Film and TV School, returning to Oslo seven years later with a degree, a handful of short films and a moral stance for what would become his feature debut. Trier's next step was to flesh out his fledgling screenplay with pal and writing partner Eskil Vogt. As for the small matter of scraping together the requisite funds to get *Reprise* rolling? Well, Trier's punk disposition took care of that.

Like *Reprise*, *Oslo* is a thinly veiled valentine to Trier's adopted hometown. He was born in Copenhagen, yet the nostalgia ink he writes so fluently in was once a much darker hue. "I used to hate Oslo when I was growing up," he recalls. "I always thought of it as the suburb of Europe where nothing much ever happened." What changed? "After living in London, I rediscovered it, my sense of belonging to it. I guess it's that old thing of having to go away to really find yourself."

"It's a city with a very hidden beauty," he continues. "It's not like Stockholm or Copenhagen, which are very architecturally striking cities. Oslo doesn't have that same kind of superficial beauty, but if you look closely enough it's a really amazing place, especially at the time of your film is set. I think there's something very beautiful about Scandinavia at the end of summer. It's often one year and years to realize that."

Trier's *Oslo* is an urban space that much like any other. A cosmopolitan space dominated by towering cranes, dance rooms and the

swarming cluster of common people going about their ordinary lives. His protagonists, Anders, is a damaged soul desperate to slip back into something, anything, that resembles normalcy after a lengthy stint in rehab.

The *Oslo* Anders remains to doesn't know him for his companion he walks on stairs and kills time in in parks judgment-free. The people who know him, however, can't help but treat him differently. In a further echo to *Reprise*, *Oslo* evolves into a stark and intimate study of friendship, loyalty and companionship.

"I wanted to really focus on how we attempt to help each other," Trier explains. "Friendships are fragile but people's intentions are fragile also. If you analyze the way that people talk, as I do, it's interesting to see how inconsistent people are. I'm curious about themes that deal with how things within or how things are not, same, how relationships change over time," he continues.

"*Oslo* is a tragic story in many ways, but I think it's important to ask the question: how much can you do to help your friends? It's a film about the difficulty of talking to each other. How do we talk? With humor or emotion? It's a complicated thing and I don't feel like I have all the answers."

Despite having made what he regards as a "culturally specific" film, Trier is a global citizen. He recognizes and relates to his own kind in whatever city he visits, be it Oslo, London, Cannes or New York, where he hopes to make his third feature – his first English-language – next summer.

"I don't think people change very much wherever you go. They live quite similar lives, they read the same books, watch the same movies. Taking my film on the road is always fascinating because watching people in different cities makes me realize how much we have in common."



O-lo, August 31st

Directed by Joachim Trier

Starring Anders Danielsen Lie, Andrea Braten, Mona Oler Brenner

Released November 4

Whether it's Ingmar Bergman's cold meditation on death, Lars von

Trier's spare emotional episodes, the melancholy child vampire or the rascally rape victim, one thing's for sure: it's grown up Norse.

Finally following up his acclaimed 2006 debut *August*, director Joachim Trier returns with a beautiful and uplifting film about drug addiction, depression and existential angst. The Hollywood remake might be a long time coming, but this is the foreboding movie of the year. *Scandinavian style*

Disaffected thirty-something Anders (Anders Danielsen Lie) only has a few weeks left of rehab. Trier follows him over the course of a single day out in the real world to attend a job interview - confronting the people that watched him slip his life apart and dwelling on what the future may or may not hold.

Regrets, missed opportunities and wasted chances are paraded in front of Anders as he drifts through the city he used to know, while Trier's camera focuses as much on the people and places of Oslo as it does on Anders' greatly exploring psyche.

Adapted from Pierre Deino Le Rochelle's 1931 French novel *Le Fils Pâle* (originally filmed in 1943 by Louis Malle as *The Pale*

Wife), the film wears its literary and cinematic influences on its sleeve. Combining Antonioni's architectural eye, Resnais' clean scene tone and Mulick's bold ambience, Trier will manage to give the film a remarkably original voice.

Following random pedestrians in the street and eavesdropping on conversations already overheard in crowded cafes, the camera drifts in and out of Anders' story as the city begins to distance him. Glances stolen across a bar, the sound of music coming from the next room and the feel of an empty motorcycle in the early hours of the morning. Oslo is a portrait of life's seemingly insignificant, yet lightly poetic moments.

Recklessly shifting the tone and mood, Trier isn't afraid to stare in the broken mirror. An awkward conversation between old friends and an excruciating job interview play like scene interludes along the otherwise rolling monotonous of Anders' journey. Another scene may be less compelling for the unprepared change of pace.

Performances are strong across the board from an inexperienced Lie, with Danielsen Lie (his last performance before leaving acting behind to pursue a career in medicine) subtly

conveying as the ghost, distant youth reflecting the smoke of his generation.

Filmed in the golden hours of late summer (as the title suggests), *Olo, August* is an ode to the city itself. Pivoting the delicate lines of Anders' descent into the labyrinthine urban corners of the town he grew up in, Trier's film is filled with a deep sense of nostalgia that bathes the often bleak tale with unexpected warmth. A film of fine detail on a grand scale, you won't come out humming a happy tune, but you'll certainly 'feel good'. *Paul Brinkshaw*

Anticipation. Anyone who saw *Reprise* has been waiting for Trier's next effort for five long years.

Engagement. A poetry of moments, this is bold, beautiful filmmaking at its most personal and compelling.

In Retrospect. An astounding achievement, Joachim Trier's haunting film will stay with you for weeks.

Camp Hell

Directed by **George Panfili**
Starring **Will Denton,**
Bruce Darnell,
Christopher Denham
Released **December 2**



Arriving at a Christian fundamentalist summer camp, sensitive Tommy (Will Denton) experiences temptations of the flesh courtesy of teen hottie Melissa (Vandana de Angelis); receives lectures on virtue from Father Phineas (Bruce Darnell); and gets lessons in non-conformity from free-thinker, Jack (Christopher Fock). He also becomes convinced he's being persecuted by a demon.

Evidence mounts to corroborate this wild theory. The chapel is desecrated. One boy poops in his trousers when Tommy legt hands on him during prayer. Strange ceremonial dances reduce the female campers to hysteria.

What sets writer/director George Panfili's quick, unconventional low-budget debut above and beyond its horror genre is that it's an intensely fun-angled piece of filmmaking. Tommy's supervisor, Christian (Christopher Denham), is an absurd figure who confuses Jesus comics and lectures the boys on the dangers of rock music, but he's also caring and competent as a priest. Father Phineas is kindly and compassionate, the sort of preacher who can fill pews with his warm personality. Which makes it all the more shocking when he calls Melissa a whore and throws outside with Tommy after dark.

In a shy way, Panfili's is virilistic towards fundamentalist Christian values, but he portrays the holdouts of such views with sympathy and understanding. The young actors all give

stereo, natural performances. Denton and de Angelis are cranking for their scenes and vulnerability; Christopher Denham underplays capably; while Bruce Darnell—that one-sillable Hollywood veteran—glows with conviction as Father Phineas.

Anyone hoping for a teen gore-fest will be disappointed, but lovers of hybrid cinema should definitely have the film on their radar.

Unsettling, unpredictable and often charming, *Camp Hell* has the makings of a minor cult classic. **Julian White**

Anticipation. As a glance, seems like another cookie-cutter horror in the *Friday the 13th* mould.

3

Enjoyment. An unexpected and individual take on sin and the devil by a director who—shock horror—actually has something to say.

4

In Retrospect. Fine performances, a thoughtful script and a maturity of directorial insight make *Camp Hell* head and shoulders above most films with 'Hell' in the title.

4

Tabloid

Directed by **Russ Morris**
Starring **Joyce McKinney,**
Kent Gordin, **Peter Torq**
Released **November 11**



Like extraordinary documentary from Russ Morris couldn't be more timely, as Amanda Knox and "Hickman" dominates the year's headlines. But it's not the relevance of *Tabloid* that makes it so riveting, it's the star-spangled muck-drama of Miss Joyce McKinney.

In 1977, a Mormon missionary went missing in northern England. He surfaced several days later claiming that McKinney—a former girlfriend and one-time Miss Wyoming—had seduced and raped him. What followed was a Wild West wildfowl frenzy, as which McKinney was chewed up and spat out by the British press.

At the centre of the row were *The Daily Mirror* and *The Express*, occupying either side of a battle line drawn up by McKinney herself as the wind—and failed—to play the system. With photographers dispatched to LA in dig for dirt

(and finding nothing), the scandal soon morphed into a dark farce.

The tabloid story is rivaled in detail by a miscellany of friends, players and newspaper hacks. But it's Joyce—always Joyce—who owns the show. A natural raconteur, she plays the emotional register like a gifted musician, tears, laughter, self-pity and go-able charm spinning together. She's the most bewitchingly unreliable narrator since Kayser's Son.

Morris has some tricks—including a snarly habit of literally spelling out some of the wilder claims in bold type across the screen. But he's also got a point to make. The backs may minimize a debasing distance from their work—it's what allows them to treat people as playthings and lives as fodder. But there are always consequences. From the outside, the

tabloid viewer might look like a gnat, but it's he, it's a blood sport. **Max Rochester**

Anticipation. With memories of *News of the World* and *Amanda Knox* still fresh, *Tabloid* could hardly be better timed.

3

Enjoyment. Enormously entertaining but with a serious point to make.

3

In Retrospect. McKinney is no Robert McNamara, but there are lessons to be learned from this fog of sleaze.

3



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Moneyball

Directed by *Bennett Miller*

Starring *Brad Pitt, Jonah Hill, Philip Seymour Hoffman*

Released *November 23*

Is there anything more American than baseball? Along with apple pie, rock beer and capital punishment, a good old-fashioned ball game is enough to bring tears to the eyes of any freedom-loving Yank. For as Brits, though, those tears are likely to be shed in boredom. Luckily, *Moneyball* is 'about' baseball in the same way that *The Social Network*—with which it shares a certain screenwriter—is about web development. From if you don't know a fly ball from a curve ball, this is gripping drama, both for its classic underdog-men-good story and also for what it has to say about modern America.

Based on Michael Lewis' bestseller, *Moneyball* tells the real-life story of how Major League Baseball team the Oakland A's upset the game's odds in the 2001-2 season. Truncated or how easily the MLB's big franchises can pump its mid-size team, the A's general manager, Billy Beane (Brad Pitt), hires young, math-oriented economist Peter Brand (Jonah Hill) to rethink the team's approach to the game. Using statistical models, the pair identify undervalued players with overlooked strengths and put together an underdog team (an "island of noble boys," Beane calls them) to compete with their wealthy rivals.

The film's production team was almost as difficult to put together. Screen Soderbergh originally planned to make it as a documentary, but was replaced by Capote director Bennett Miller after producers decided it would work better as a drama. Aaron Sorkin was then hired to recast Steven Zaillian's original script. To use a baseball term, that was a good trade. With its stilted, numbers-based premise, *Moneyball* could have been excruciatingly dry. But in Sorkin's hands, it becomes a sports-based companion piece to *The Social Network*.

Just as that film uses Facebook to examine on friendship and the nature of creativity, so *Moneyball* uses baseball to tell a story of innovation, leadership and American capitalism in the twenty-first century. Beane becomes a symbol of the quiet fading glories, a middle-aged man desperate to turn back the years and stand toe-to-toe with opponents who consider him a spent force.

Drawing upon his movie-star charisma to give Beane an intimidating, Type-A manner, producer/writer Fox gradually shades a web of frustration as his players begin showing their worth. It's a subtle, human performance that makes up for what his first.

Christopher Nolan's regular cinematographer Wally Pfister treats the film with some strikingly beautiful images—a Sorkin and Sorkin slowly being unseated on a freshly mown pitch; a baseball arcing over stadium lights into a catcher's mitt—while Miller guides us through the narrative twists and statistical cut-de-eyes of the story with dexterity.

But Sorkin's contribution is the key to the movie's success, using the classic narrative arc of the sports drama to paint America's National Pastime in muted reds, whites and blues. It's the best film about statistics you've ever likely to see. **Dan Stewart**

Anticipation. Statistics and baseball? Might raincheck this one.

2

Enjoyment. Sorkin and Pitt smash it out of the park.

5

In retrospect. A seasoned, maverick pitcher right out of left field.

4

We Were Here

Directed by **David Weissman**,
Bill Weber
Starring **Ed Wolf, Paul Boneberg,**
Daniel Goldstein
Released **November 25**



One of the first documentaries to take a detailed look at the emergence and impact of AIDS, David Weissman and Bill Weber's challenging film serves as a reflective account of the arrival of the disease in San Francisco's gay community in the 1970s. Using a combination of interviews and archive imagery, *Bill We Were* chronicles the rise of the epidemic from its roots as an unknown virus, erroneously referred to as 'gay cancer', to its status today where, though preventable, it has become treatable.

Poosung on the experiences of five individuals, all of whom lived in San Francisco prior to and during the epidemic, each recounts personal and often deeply upsetting tales of their encounters with the disease. Though only one is afflicted with the disease, they are all victims in their own way.

Their reasons for sharing are intensely personal. "None of my friends are around from the beginning," explains Daniel Goldstein, who is HIV-positive. "I want to tell these guys as much as I want to tell my story." He lost two partners to the disease and considered suicide - an account that is no doubt applicable to many who lived through the epidemic and have learnt to cope with the aftermath.

Kern to emphasize the point that the gay community did not sit idly by as the disease spread, the filmmakers and their interviewees shine a light on these events in a way that mainstream media has rarely achieved. This is the story of a community that came together in the face of a devastating event, working tirelessly to curb the effects of an uncontrollable outbreak that was killing their friends and families.

Bill We Were is fitting tribute not only to those who lost their lives to the illness but also to those who selflessly gave their time and compassion to help others. The end result is an honest, frank and often moving documentary. **Fred Wexler**

Anticipation. In-depth analysis of an event often shared over in mainstream media **3**

Enjoyment. Insightful, honest and moving. **3**

In Retrospect. An eye-opening piece of cinema. Compulsive viewing. **3**

Tower Heist

Directed by **Brett Ratner**
Starring **Ben Stiller,**
Reddie Murphy, Tito Larcus
Released **November 2**



With *Four Ident*, Brett Ratner returns to the yacht-and-chaise styling of *Rock High*, bringing it to bear on an unimpressive crime-caper narrative which roughly succeeds in rehabilitating Eddie Murphy post-Nirve but fails in almost every other aspect.

Ben Stiller revisits the anti-attracting everyone persona seen in *Night at the Museum* as the jobsworth building manager of high-class high-rise *The Tower*. Stiller is the counterpart to Alan Alda's upper-class penthouse dweller. When Alda is accused for some unnamed financial oversight, and the service staff's pensions are declared MIA (long ding!), Stiller decides to assemble a hilariously inept crack team, break into Alda's penthouse and steal his hidden millions. *Thriller* - almost - *romance*.

William Tati Griffin (*Michael's Mom*) and Jeff Nathanson (*Mom in Black III*) admittedly hit the mark with a handful of choice lines,

mostly uttered by Matthew Frederick, one of the few cast members who impresses. Other commendations go to Tito Larcus, who drops more laughs from a drunk scene than she has any right to before visibly losing patience with the numb-skulled plot. And Murphy's *Trading Place*-style mooncussmouth even also his most of the notes, if not necessarily in the right order.

But the caper remains a toothless, flailing in the second act with several linear plot developments and some clashing editing before completely abandoning credibility and reverting to a checklist of tired tropes: there's dramatic dangle from high-rise windows; hit-approaching-in-chief-sneaking-with-heroes-on-top-suspense; and a completely unnecessary one-question-through-cable sequence.

The bigger calamity, however, is Ratner's portrayal of *The Tower*'s service staff, his bemoaned working class, who appear to

enjoy universally harmonious interpersonal relationships and foolproof ethical codes. As if it wouldn't be possible to sympathize with working men and women robbed of their pensions if they didn't all go along all the time, bawling about their distant education like a collection of angry level stand-ups. This is *Thriller* syndrome: sure, they're poor, but look how much fun they're having below deck! **Christopher Nelson**

Anticipation. Ratner crime-comedy? It'll be rubbish. **2**

Enjoyment. Oh look, it's rubbish. **2**

In Retrospect. Yep, that was rubbish alright. **2**

Las Acacias

Directed by **Pablo Giorgelli**
 Starring **Germán de Sillos,**
Rebe Duarte,
Nayra Calle Mamani
 Released **December 2**



Truck driver Rubén (Germán de Sillos) lives a self-contained life. The first few minutes of *Las Acacias* document his solitary progress through a day's labor. Director Pablo Giorgelli shows him in claustrophobic tight angles within his cab, reminding little ones that Rubén possesses any life beyond his one on the road.

But Rubén has agreed to carry a passenger, Juana (Rebe Duarte), on his return trip from Paraguay to Argentina. She comes to cross the border in search of work, and in bringing her three-month-old baby with her, Rubén is unimpressed. No one told him about a baby. He agrees to take them, maybe to keep his end of the deal or maybe because he's fundamentally decent.

He gives them gruffly, rudely even, and doesn't help the ostracized Juana into the truck, despite the fact that she's carrying her whole life in an array of pathetic-looking belongings.

The baby looks horribly vulnerable next to Rubén's enormous truck and the heavy industrial load of logs he transports. A lovely visual metaphor is created with those of the heavy load sitting right behind Rubén and Juana: they're both followed by an oppressive

emotional weight. Juana is just as much of a closed book as Rubén. His tentative questions about the whereabouts of the baby's father are met with silence.

Gradually, these two damaged people open up to each other, culminating in an affecting scene in which Rubén drops Juana off and agonizes over whether to ask if he can see her again. For a woman, a ink of hopefulness lights up his face. Giorgelli leaves the ending open, allowing us to decide for ourselves whether Rubén and Juana will ever find happiness. **Orly Carrasco**

Anticipation. A Camera d'Or award at Cannes promises an interesting watch

4

Enjoyment. A nuanced tale about two damaged people played by two brilliant actors.

3

In Retrospect. Fantastic performances that stay with you and a director who isn't afraid to let you think for yourself.

3

An African Election

Directed by **Jerroeth J. Moss,**
Kevin Moya
 Released **November 25**



Bonly distinguishable political parties, colorful characters, doggy rhetoric, corruption and fake smiles... It must be election time again. Although this might sound like a familiar scenario, my comparison with British or US politics are purely coincidental. This is the lead-up to the 2008 Ghanaian democratic elections, during which filmmaker Joseph and Kevin Moya went behind the scenes to document the political toying and frothing of the leading parties and the battle for domination that ensued.

With a tightly structured approach to the very slippery subject of democracy, *An African Election* relies on the natural build up of tension and anticipation in the lead up to the electoral contest. The New People's Party has been in office for eight years, and the National Democratic Congress, the more left-leaning opposition, want to knock it off its perch. On the streets and in the workplace, Ghanaians just want more jobs, greater access to healthcare and education, and increased food production. Each party is willing to promise whatever it takes to convince the population to put the X next to them on the ballot paper.

The directors have assembled a vibrant cast for this anatomy of an election, from the two opposition leaders themselves to academics, journalists, party reps and everyday folk. As the big day approaches, tensions start to mount between the parties and their supporters, with intimidation

and violence on the cards. This is when *An African Election*, which at points can be a bit sappy, really starts to up the ante and draw you in.

When a person is willing to stand in line for 12 hours to vote in a protest underexplored by controversy, it's hard not to root for them. Real democracy would and progress not only in Ghana, but Africa as a whole. Although it can be a bit heavy-handed at times, this is a well-balanced and carefully constructed window onto a world that's struggling to improve itself. **Leana Bushill**

Anticipation. Good festival buzz for a doc that promises an insider's view

3

Enjoyment. Great access to a wide range of key players, but the drop in pace makes for a slow mid-section before the election itself ramps up the tension.

3

In Retrospect. Timely and balanced, this is a great highlight into an otherwise closed process. Not world it be more at home on TV?

3

'A TOTAL DELIGHT' THE GUARDIAN 'LANGHAM
SHOWS US WHAT WE'VE BEEN MISSING' THE
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Wuthering Heights

Directed by *Andrea Arnold*
Starring *Solomon Glave,*
Shannon Bear, Kaya Scodelario
Released *November 11*



Few risk director Andrea Arnold isn't the most obvious choice for a new adaptation of *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë's soulfully romantic nineteenth-century novel. But by breaking away from the stylized lines of Laurence Olivier's 1939 rendition, Arnold returns *Heights* to its gobby, rural roots.

Confidently making Brontë's story her own, Arnold's film is at once a modernization (her characters heat Flintstones and C-grades that would have made the author herself blush), a respectful adaptation and a gutsy re-imagining.

If Brontë cooked the hammy Yorkshire moors as a representation of sexual character, Heathcliff's entirely wild nature, Arnold takes the metaphor one step further by casting the traditionally white role as a Hoot. Heathcliff (Solomon Glave) is a young black boy who's dragged in from the moors ("It was the Christian thing to do"), and his friend's twin spirit Catherine

(Shannon Bear), but with Catherine's brother Hareley (Lee Shaw) crapped by jealous man, Heathcliff's in for a rough time.

Manicured and virtually dialogue-free, Arnold's film relies on take-during images and meaningful glances for its impact. Filmed in its superior fire hall when it takes the coarse beauty of the Yorkshire moors with an impressive cast of young first-timers, all of whom deliver raw, uncut emotional turns that pulse with feeling.

Despite her exceptional players, there's no question who Arnold thinks the real star is. The director is at one with her aesthetic: Yorkshire landscapes and embrace the elements almost to a fault. While the rain-faded imagery lends a fittingly fatal mood, her repetitive use of certain images denote a sense of pain. At times, *Heights* nearly resembles a David Auerbach-style documentary.

Something to be suspected more than enjoyed, *Heights* is too long by a good 30 minutes (its second half struggles to be Brontë's emotional beats) and would have packed more punch with a little careful pruning. **Josh Winkler**

Anticipation. Andrea Arnold shops from kitchen-sink drama to period tragedy, flourishing. **4**

Enjoyment. Passionate and faithful, Arnold's film is striking but staggers toward a leatherate climax. **3**

In Retrospect. A gussy if not entirely successful interpretation of Brontë's tome. **3**

Romantics Anonymous

Directed by *Jean-Pierre Améris*
Starring *Benoît Poelvoorde,*
Isabelle Carré, Loretta Crovatto
Released *December 2*



Jean-Pierre Améris' slight, confectionary comedy may take after François Ozon's *Beauvoir* in both style and tone, but its saccharine denour won't cause everyone's numbness.

Chocolate-factory owner Jean-René's (Benoît Poelvoorde) business and reputation are melting faster than fudgeballs in a furnace. The problem is that his devoted team of chocolatiers simply isn't up to scratch. But he's about to be thrown a lifeline in the beguiling form of Angélique (Isabelle Carré).

Despite being a natural cocoa white, Angélique comes forward as a sales rep with bright ideas for whisking some cash back into Jean-René's floundering venture. Which she does, without much fuss, after convincing her boss to fast-track a new signature chocolate production. Secretly, Jean-René is seeking a life partner, but he's too relieved to make a move and Angélique is too shy to signal her reciprocal affection.

As Améris houses the will-they-won't-they subplot, *Romantics Anonymous* takes a blind turn. For a director known for delivering hyper-emotional drama, it's surprising that he gives Carré and Poelvoorde so little to work

with. Thankfully, his lead pair save Améris' bluntness, flitting out their catty dust with a tender chemistry. Still, there's about as much depth here as a box of Milk Tray, and without the stylistic nuances of an *Amélie* or Ozon's aforementioned delight, it simply doesn't have enough going for it to make you want to go back for more.

Romantics Anonymous does exactly what it says on its ribbon-bound tin and, at a trim 80 minutes, it's so short and sweet a slice of Gallic romance as you could hope to come across. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Life is sweet. **3**

Enjoyment. A sugar-coated change of tack from an underfunded filmmaker. Won't win Améris many new fans, though. **3**

In Retrospect. Those who like their French cinema some schmalz will have to look elsewhere. **3**



50/50

Directed by Jonathon Levine

Starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Seth Rogen, Anna Kendrick

Released November 25

Will Reiser was in his early 30s and working as a writer on *The 40 G Show* when he was diagnosed with cancer. *50/50* is his caustic, semi-fictionalized and very funny account of the experience, written under the stewardship of exec producers Iwan Goldberg and Seth Rogen. But if their influence can be felt in the film's unexpected and generous laughs, it's also there in its failure to balance that humor with human drama.

That's not to say *50/50* isn't an emotional ride, with Joseph Gordon-Levitt racing soulfully into the middle distance as Adam, a rail-biding, pussy-whipped neurotic who, to his shock and horror ("I don't drink, I don't smoke, I cough"), is diagnosed with the Big C.

His journey through the grueling stages of chemo, hair loss, grief, despair and resignation is never less than compelling and is handled by director Jonathon Levine with a deft-emp-cum-bro that upsets the fine line between comedy and tragedy.

But there are two different films here — or at least two separate tones — moving in parallel without ever actually colliding. The first is an unabashed biometric comedy in which Seth Rogen takes center stage as Adam's best mate

Kyle, who refuses to see his friend as a victim and instead sees Adam's cancer as the perfect excuse to hit on girls. And so Rogen gets all the juicy lines, giving full vent to that shaggy cheerleader and shamelessly teasing comic star sense until, eventually, you realize he's just reaped the windy film.

With Rogen off screen, that second film is allowed to emerge and it turns out to be an often quite touching if somewhat uneven cancer drama that hits all the usual movie beats (girlfriend who can't take the pressure; therapist failing for patient; pop music as an emotional crutch), but nevertheless manages to introduce a note of quiet tenderness in the final third.

Credit for that goes in large part to Anjelica Huston, who really nabs the delicate mixture of pathos, warmth and vulnerability needed to do the script's disparate parts together. Mother to a cancer patient and wife of an Alzheimer's sufferer, Diane is the subject of the film's sharpest observations but also its most sympathetic moments. And while Anna Kendrick's turn as a young therapist is bogged down by cliché, at least it offers her the opportunity to display a smile

that slips effortlessly from brittle to delectable and back again.

Indeed, Adam — with his shaved head and hollow eyes — is the only character who isn't hiding behind a mask, whether it's bloxy bathos, professional concern or paternal strength. *50/50*'s mask is a patchwork of eyelid slowness, Redford and marijuana gaps designed to convince you that it's anything but a man-of-the-mill drama. And yet, weirdly, despite all the posturing and protesting, the film's conventional moments are actually at best. **Matt Buchanan**

Anticipation. Sounds tough but original. Not sure if this can really work.

3

Enjoyment. Big laughs and small dramas. Heavy punch and light impact.

3

In Retrospect. It's not a major landmark on anybody's résumé, but it's nothing to be ashamed of either.

3

We Have a Pope

Directed by **Nanni Moretti**
Starring **Michel Piccoli**,
Nanni Moretti, **Jerzy Stuhr**
Released **December 2**



After the death of the Pontiff, Rome's senior cardinals gather in the Sistine Chapel to elect a new divine chief. Much puffing and deliberating later, the ballot spouts out the name of Cardinal Melville (Michel Piccoli), much to the surprise of his hallowed peers.

With St. Peter's Square abuzz (*Director* Nanni Moretti supplied footage from John Paul II's memorial service), all eyes are on the man of the hour to step forward, slip on the white cassocks and give his inaugural address to the masses.

But when the moment arrives, Melville is nowhere to be found. Overwhelmed by the gravity of the situation, he's find the Vatican, dawning dreads to that he may seek-solace in peace. Meanwhile, the remaining cardinals call in a shrink (played with droll charm by Moretti) to talk Melville around, believing he's simply returned to his quarters.

Faith and dogmatic customs are hardly obvious foundations for a mainstream comedy, but *We Have a Pope* is just that: Moretti has taken an Italian institution before, spoofing Berlusconi in 2006's *The Canon*, but he's more diplomatic here. The Church is depicted with respect, so much so that Moretti gets

away with imagining the gonistic hijinks that occur behind closed confabers - most notably an inspired courtship volleyball scene.

The longer it goes on, however, the more apparent it becomes that this isn't a film about religion at all. Melville is first and foremost a man beset with a sense of inadequacy brought on by a momentous life decision. He is elevated but ultimately universal. What a pity Moretti lays on the laughs a little too thick. **Adam Woodward**

Anticipation. Farcical or contraband, Moretti is always worth paying attention to. **3**

Engagement. Whether you're an atheist or Opus Dei disciple, *We Have a Pope* is playful, unpredictable fun. But it's the sparse dramatic moments that linger. **3**

In Retrospect. Lighthearted and lightweight: Is Moretti beginning to lose his bite? **2**

Snow Flower and the Secret Fan

Directed by **Wu Yung Wong**
Starring **Bingbing Li**,
Glenn Joo, **Fiona Wu**
Released **November 11**



A shamelessly derivative interpretation of Chinese-American author Lisa See's novel of the same name, *Snow Flower and the Secret Fan* is a predictable and overly Westernized take on Chinese culture, focusing on the age-long friendship of two pals of women across two different points in time.

In the nineteenth century, two young girls in Hunan province are paired together in *Lao Zong* ("Old-Same"), a ceremonial commitment that sets them in an eternal bond of friendship. Inured by their families, they begin to communicate with one another by writing between the folds of a white silk fan, reuniting over the course of their lives a close relationship in spite of their cultural differences, which grow even greater with the passing of time.

But that's where the simulation to See's source material ends, as Wayne Wong's film intelligibly works his parallel story focusing on the descendents

of the two girls in present-day Shanghai. Like their ancestors, the friends struggle to maintain the intimacy of their own childhood friendships in the face of the demands posed by their careers and love lives, and the duo must draw on the experience of their forebears to avoid losing one another forever.

If nothing else, this fan-fueled present-day timeline shows a complete lack of faith in the audience to absorb a period-set drama, holding viewers in suspense as each one passively echoes the other. It's an approach clearly intended to evoke an emotional response, but the film's jarring execution diminishes any impact as it switches back and forth between the centuries for no discernable narrative purpose.

The characters are more decidedly anemic, haplessly switching between Mandarin and English as if seeking to reassure a mainstream audience that they haven't stumbled into an

arthouse picture. The sad week plays out like a washed, albeit good-looking, soap opera: banal if imagination but loaded with cheap shots at emotional poignancy. **Paul Woodson**

Anticipation. Another rapid period drama - one produced by Mrs. Rupert Murdoch, no less. **2**

Engagement. Overlong and devoid of any real emotional substance. **2**

In Retrospect. Visual flourishes aren't enough to distract from a confused plot and mawkishly sentimental overtones. **1**

A semi-circle of colorful alphabet letters, including 'A', 'B', 'C', 'D', 'E', 'F', 'G', 'H', 'I', 'J', 'K', 'L', 'M', 'N', 'O', 'P', 'Q', 'R', 'S', 'T', 'U', 'V', 'W', 'X', 'Y', 'Z', arranged in a semi-circle.

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The Human Centipede II

Directed by Tom Six
Starring Lawrence R. Harvey, Ashlynn Yennie, Vinessa Bridson
Released November 4

If Franz Kafka's 1915 novella *The Metamorphosis* begins with Gregor Samsa waking from troubled dreams to find himself metamorphosed into a monstrous bug, then Tom Six's *The Human Centipede II* (*Full Sequence*) comes with a decidedly Kafkaesque pedigree. For its protagonist, Martin (Lawrence R. Harvey), is also troubled by dreams—mostly involving the father who abused him sexually as a child. And while it is his many brutally debauched caprices, rather than himself, who will be transformed into the creature of the title, his own derisive rants, polygraph punch and ballroom acts all lend him the definite appearance of an insect.

Soon Martin will also become the worm that turned. This authentic, morally challenged, sexually confused corrupt ascendant was repeatedly sodomized by his father (now in prison). He's subjected to constant psychological abuse by his unhinged mother (Vinessa Bridson). He's coveted amorously by his creepy doctor (Bill Hoadley). He's beaten bloody by bluntnose upstairs neighbor (Lee Nicholas Harris). And he's watched by just about everyone for the accidents at his workplace. But this sliding victim also harbors his own world late fantasy of revenge, empowerment and perverse gratification.

Inspired by the film *The Human Centipede*, which he watches with the calculating ambivalence of a man feeling Martin hopes to bring to fruition. Dr. Heiter's dream of creating the full sequence of 12 human segments joined mouth to anus—and

as he sees about violently collecting subjects, even luring the actress Ashlynn Yennie (who played the original's 'final girl') over to London. Six Martin lacks both the surgical skills and the actual indifference of Heiter, ensuring that this homage will be impromptu with DIY overtones.

The RNCG initially refused Six's film as blasphemous, countering its reputation as the best-of-and-of-all-Kafkaesque. For now, there's of 'just' two minutes and 37 seconds, the film has been granted an 18 certificate on appeal, rather belating the classifying body's original dunes that "unacceptable content runs throughout the work" as that 'team are not a viable option'.

These 12 cuts have been selected for more clearly than Martin's haphazard of his victims' ligaments, teeth, chests and buttocks, so that the final product looks seamless and aesthetically coherent. It's also no more likely to disgust or depress than any number of other horror films with the same rating.

Yet those expecting a *Rat-cyber* sequel may be in for a surprise. For a start, *The Human Centipede II* is often very funny, as Six affords a subversive strain of dick humor to scotch through his narrative, rooted in the man, Karamazov performance of the wonderfully grotesque Harvey. The film is also unexpectedly awful—in its incoherent sound design, elegantly spliced non-linear and sexually oppressive dramatic scenes recall *Exorcism* or *Bad Boy Bobby* more than your average torture porn.

Better still, its postmodern relation to *The Human Centipede* (*First Sequence*) constantly calls into question whether Martin's madness is a product of his upbringing and environment or of his taste in movies. It's almost as though Six has pre-empted, dramatized and limited the kind of viewer response that would see his film nearly banned.

It seems unclear whether we have been watching real depravity, a nightmare in a damaged brain or just the sort of aberrant fantasy that film-watching can inspire in us all. And so, in this tale of bizarre entrapment, where victimhood is passed down an arbitrarily hierarchical chain like waste down a digestive tract, the spine of Kafka reigns—and every one of us is on trial. **Aaron Bilal**

Anticipation. So wrong it's right? Or just plain wrong?

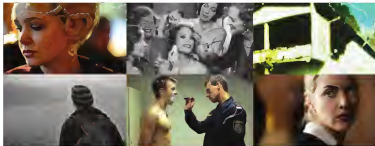
3

Enjoyment. A heady blend of the stupid and the sophisticated, the gaudy and the surreal. (Unnecessarily) funny, too.

4

In Retrospect. Everyone can agree to Six's sick joke—even if the punchline is fast forgotten.

3



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Weekend

Directed by *Andrew Haigh*

Starring *Rice Cadogan, Chris New, Jonathan Rice*

Released *November 9*

Powered by refreshing honesty and two remarkably naturalistic performances, Andrew Haigh's intimate drama follows two gay men who form an unexpectedly close relationship following what is assumed to be a one-night stand. While *Weekend* focuses on the contemporary gay experience, its observations about the awkwardness associated with forging new relationships are universal. The infrequent but often brutally graphic sexual imagery may appear confrontational, but this is arguably Haigh's intention given that the film effectively rubs against heteronormative attitudes to homosexuality in mainstream culture. The end result is a work that provides an acute depiction of gay life that admirably avoids the pitfalls of dated stereotypes to tell an authentic and believable love story. **Paul Whiston 3.5**



The Rum Diary

Directed by *Bruce Robinson*

Starring *Johnny Depp, Aaron Eckhart, Amber Heard*

Released *November 11*

There was always the worry that this passion project – produced by Johnny Depp, written and directed by an ‘out of retirement’ Bruce Robinson – might fizzle but not happen. Thankfully, the genre is all good. Though Hunter S. Thompson didn’t live to see his dramatization of *The New York Stories* ‘Sin Pajero Race’ brought to life, Depp is sure ‘he’d be whooping!’ with a tale that celebrates his unique voice. Compared to his drug-addled escapades, Depp’s Kemp is the straight man around whom the action revolves in this tale of a novelist with writer’s block blagging his way as a hack. The casual setting and period dressing for this \$45 million adaptation are surprising, but as Kemp’s sidekick Sula (Michael Rapaport) grunts, “This place is like someone you fucked and they’re still under ya!” **Dan Brightmore 3.4**



The Silence

Directed by *Bassam Haddad*

Starring *Cliff Thomson, Brian Fife, Mervyn, Sebastian Blomberg*

Released *October 28*

Twenty-three years ago, a young girl was raped, murdered and left in a wheat field. Now another young girl has been found dead in exactly the same place in that unsolved crime. As the case opens up old wounds for some and new ones for others, a detective is determined to connect the two murders. *The Silence* weaves together a methodical and meticulous crime thriller under the guise of a character-driven melodrama. Lost about the ‘who?’ behind the crime and more about the ‘what now?’, sales writer-director Bassam Haddad’s film delves into the lives of those who have been affected. From the shell-shocked widows detective to the murderer themselves, *The Silence* is filled in the brain with complex and memorable characters, which helps make Haddad’s debut a smart and emotionally driven crime drama. **Lee Griffiths 4.3**



Surviving Life

Directed by *Jon Sweeney*

Starring *Wesley Holmes, Klaus Kinski, Zuzanna Kozłowska*

Released *December 7*

To say that *Surviving Life* is unconventional would be something of an understatement, but few would expect anything less from Jon Sweeney. A self-styled ‘psychoanalytical comedy’, it’s a typically outstep endeavor from the legendary Czech animator in which, using his trademark combination of cut-out animation and live-action filmmaking, he focuses on the absurd nature of dreams. Opening with a rock confession expressing regret that what was originally conceived as a conventional film has turned out “a poor, imperfect substitute for a live-action film”, what follows is a surreal, often baffling but nevertheless genuinely funny examination of the contradictions of psychoanalysis. With its visually arresting imagery, it’s a stark reminder of Sweeney’s kooky genius and the welcome return of a master in his field. **Paul Whiston 4.4**



Snowtown

Directed by *Justin Rempel*
 Starring *Lance Pataway, Daniel Henshall, Bob Adreani*
 Released *November 18*

A far from sexually abused by a local child molester, 16-year-old Jesse Whitlock (Lance Pataway) is taken under the wing of John Bunting (Daniel Henshall), a man whose unorthodox views on sex offenders epitomize with much of the community. Bunting's warped conviction appears to offer a solution to Jesse's problems, but before long he's inescapably drawn into a malicious world of bigotry, self-righteousness, and murder. The action earned out by Bunting's gang between 1982 and 1994 means Australia's worst serial killings. As a result, Justin Rempel's debut feature reflects a deeply troubling portrait of one of the darkest chapters in the country's history, which, from the scenes often little in terms of a reprieve from its bleak outlook. *Snowtown's* looming threat of violence is unrelenting, eventually building to a disturbing climax that makes for extremely distressing viewing. **Paul Wedel 2.5**



Anonymous

Directed by *Richard Emmerich*
 Starring *Rhys Ifans, Vanessa Redgrave, Judy Richardson*
 Released *October 28*

Read Emmerich's film photo on that heavy old theory that Shakespeare was a fraud. *Anonymous* presents the Earl of Oxford (Rhys Ifans) as the true author of the plays Shakespeare himself (Rafe Spall) is a drunken and illiterate buffoon. The "anti-Stratfordian" argument has a long history, but this silly film does its adherents few favors, opening as it does a preposterous tale of political conspiracy that has the young Elizabeth I (Judy Richardson) hearing Oxford's illegitimate child, whose claim to the throne is pressed obliquely by the pseudonymously dramatic. All this wouldn't matter much if the film was remotely entertaining. It isn't. Nonetheless, a really cute turn from Vanessa Redgrave as the elderly Gloriana, *Anonymous* is hamstrung by its own earnestness. You're left banking for the sort of lightness of touch displayed in John Madden's far superior *Shakespeare in Love*. **David Evans 3.1**



Magic Trip

Directed by *Alan Gibney, Alison Ellwood*
 Starring *Stanley Tucci*
 Released *November 18*

Effectively a collage of footage shot by author Ken Kesey during one of his many psychedelic excursions across America with Neal Cassady and their band of Merry Pranksters in the mid-1960s, *Magic Trip* serves as a fitting homage to an era unconquered by an legendary drug culture. On their travels over the years, Kesey and his friends amassed hours of footage which until now had remained unedited and largely forgotten about. Pieced together for the first time by directors Alan Gibney and Alison Ellwood, their reels are meticulously reconstructed to provide a vision of America all but lost to the passing of time. Mixed with a combination of archive materials, radio interviews and audio recordings, today Kesey's images take on a whole new meaning, forming a vivid picture of 1960s drug-soaked America. **Paul Wedel 4.3**



Demons Never Die

Directed by *Ashley Rowe*
 Starring *Robert Sheehan, Jennie Jacques, Ashley Walters*
 Released *October 28*

With a brilliant opening tracking shot that recalls *Dennis Ducker's* *Head Over Heels*, school sequence, debut writer/director Ashley Rowe skillfully sets up a group of unlikely men – including *Majors'* Robert Sheehan as a *Twilio*-inspired loner; *Malibu's* Emma Rigby as a bulimic model; and *Shyly's* Jason Momoa as a wide-boy master – who find themselves scaled 'n' slayed by a masked killer. Truth be told, *Demons Never Die* never gets that good again. But if it's not inventive or scary enough to cut right the horse, Rowe's film horse scratches its misadventure to the max with a ton of ambition. From the pre-credits *Twilio* prologue to the night-vision shaky-cam finale, Rowe goes on a whole-heap tour of slasher splatnik while his talented young ensemble find moments of truthfulness in their schoolyard stereotypes. Lots of promise. **Jonathan Croker 3.3**

JET
STAR

CHAPTER FIVE
in which we
EXPLORE
the
MESMERISING
MINUTIAE
of
MOVIE
CULTURE

McGraw-Hill

THE

Back Section

38

Our yearly send off, send up and sod off
to cinema's great, good and godawful.

-MAN-
DOWN
SPECIAL



Edited by Adam Lee Davies & Paul Fairclough
Illustrations By Lauren Gentry

Sidney Lumet

June 26, 1924 - April 9, 2011

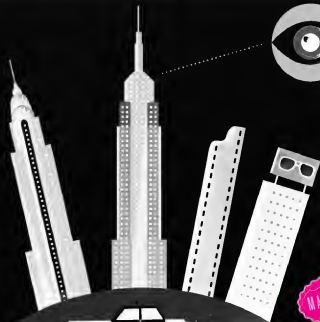
OBITUARIES

Golden Globes (its rarest Oscar nomination) this year. Marlene Woody Allen paints New York in various shades of bourgeois and anarchy, and Marty McFly as the Trillian character, Lumet winks the city is great and grins off happy. Kinky washed out lives lived out close to the huddled mass of the Big Apple. From the swarming crucible of Big Day Afternoon to the insane claustrophobic boules of The War and the victory wish of The Verdict, Lumet shocked his adopted city in every light.

Often thought of as an actor's director, Lumet was also blessed with a great eye and a boundless energy that he used to 'moral what was often awkward or otherwise difficult, unending material, and tense, gripping cinema. Lumet is often mentioned as his high-wire walk, but he is perhaps the blackest tragedy of 1961's *Twelve Angry Men* that will eventually swallow them all. 'A day is turning, Nobody's safe' was the film's tagline. Such conflicted moral switchbacks would define all Lumet's best work.



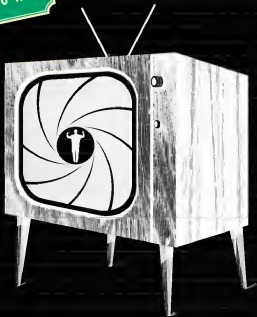
When he did stray from his beloved New York, the results were, in his 10th, something of a mixed bag. He made a couple of real gems with *Network* (in *The Offense* (set in *Swing Shift*)) and *The Hill* (an Army glasshouse in North Africa), but *Lone Island-set 'gay film'* *Shogun* starring Michael Caine and Christopher Reeve was a bit of a turkey, while a rare misfire to result in a twisted *Shogun* thriller *The Verdict*. These films, occasionally interesting, but not as good as Lumet leaves behind a body of work to stand with any in post-war American cinema.



MAN DOWN



>MAN<
DOWN



John Barry

November 3, 1933 - January 30, 2011

'Million-dollar Mickey Mouse music" is what John Barry made, according to the man himself. Almost everyone else will remember him as a master theme-smith whose arrangement of Monty Norman's music defined the Bond sound.

Yes, there was that tricky business with the Island Revenue in the '70s but by then, in what was something of a lean patch, Barry could reflect from his ex-pat California home that he had knocked The Beatles off the top of the charts with 'Goldfinger', scored Midnight Cowboy and picked up an Oscar for *Son of Free*. He also, briefly, got to call Jane Birkin 'the cougar' in the days when she was cool and genuine and not at all leathery and yellow.

For some, that might have been a big enough bunch of laurels to rest upon but by 1991 Barry was back at the top of his game with awards for the scores for *Dances with Wolves* and *Out of Africa*, as well as having the distinction of providing the only intelligible aspect of *Howard the Duck*.

Barry's foray into musical theatre with an adaptation of *Brigadoon* in 2004 was less successful - the *Observer* describing his score as sounding 'as if a television had been left on in the background'. His run at the Almeida Theatre was counted in weeks rather than months. The incident was a rare moment in which the Midas touch deserted the man who soundtracked sweeping big screen adventures and brought jazz and, yes, synthesizers to mainstream film scores. ☹

OBITUARIES

ROLL AWAY THE STONE

Lawrence risks the wrath of the gods by playing Lazarus with a cinematic wish-list of forgotten and forsaken pleasures.

MAN DOWN

HORROR FILMS ABOUT WEIRD TINY ANIMALS

Back in the day - when horror directors knew to keep their films fast, cheap and out of control - they relied on small, furry, slimy little critters to creep the bejeesus out of audiences. So we had *Night of the Lepus*, which pitted Janet Leigh and some from *Star Trek* against a wreck-of-carnivorous rabbits in the Arizona desert; Michael Caine in killer bee disaster *The Swarm*; and the crappy but lanky *Slugs: The Movie*.

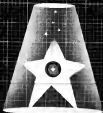
In these days of stem cell research, nanotechnology and wildstyle cloning, the time must be ripe for a cycle of films featuring wee upon wees of semi-controlled live-and-killable, or mice with giant bee-stings growing out of their backs, or genetically enhanced teleporting starfish. Enough of the murky B-horror and wacky condescend shit-ups - let's get small, strange and scientific!

THE ROCK MUSIC

The new year sees the welcome return of the rock biopic after it was almost entirely destroyed by the imperfect stars of *It's Not There's* earnest formalism and lousy *Wah!-Freedom* beat-ticker *Walk the Line*.

So it's with something approaching hysteria that we look forward to *It's on the House!* - Harmony Korine's forthcoming biopic of Amy Winehouse, in which the troubled chanteuse is played, in various stages of her life, by Russell Brand, Eric Cantona, a CGI flamingo and the Bishop of Durham.

Rehearsing a linear narrative in favour of a series of impressionistic memory-takes served on a platter of gin-dipped reminiscence, the film is buoyed by some astounding performances, most notably an earthy turn from Brand that will surprise and delight critics of his adiled knock-about comedies. From what we've seen, *House!* is a brave refutation of gender identity in an increasingly commodified music business, played with verve, lager and gusto. Go see.



Again and again we've been promised a second outing from the director of *Jones's* mind-battering subculture sci-fi classic *Primer*, but as yet we've had nothing. Out there in the webiverse - corners of space and time - is a site for Carruth's new movie, stoplary.com, but it gives away even less than that tricky fifth viewing of *Primer* itself.

Back in June 2010, *A Popcorn* was requestedly "in the works", but months later Carruth was telling people that "the cryptic website" was merely a cosmic placeholder until funding was secured.

Scant details have emerged about the script but what we do know is as troubling as it is intriguing: A 30-minute prologue set in a provincial mid-west town sometime during the '80s gives way to an assemble cast of 10 kids in possession of a "black box" that produces possibly real-but-fake "white discs".

Primer was hands down one of the most intelligent science-fiction movies made on any budget, so can someone please give this man a pile of cash so that if he is going to disappoint us with a Duncan Jones Source Code moment we can just get it over with.



TED MCHIFFY
DOORIMMOVIE

"It sure looks it, it's like Indiana Jones," *Doors* cinematographer Paul Fielding said recently about the absurdist electronic-jazz comedy duo's proposed silver screen voyage.

That'll be an Indiana Jones in stack head boots, pretentiously block-quoting excerpts from Virgil while a short, fat American in a powder blue two-piece safari suit bellows out the theme from *Heaven Five O' clock* some lousy fusion beats then, will it?

But the clock's ticking and jungle fever doesn't last forever. It would be a real shame to think that their singular tribal thunder had been stolen by the homespun imagination of South-coast Paul King's 2005 style-bonkers *Harry and the Pott*. A deal is, however, reportedly already in place with ABC Films, no flowers needed for the launch of a series of whinged wope & Crosby-style adventures that plunge White Hair and Beard Moon through the back, wired heart of doggie London existence. 🐾



The Departed

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September 9, 1913 - September 16, 2011
Be all-American enough our after Clint
Burbankson army such star-spangled
loves as JFC, Chris Younger and have-a-
go guitar Docle Ben in the Spider-Man
film. He was the side pair of hands
you could call on if Harry Donle was
unavailable.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

February 28, 1948 - August 1, 1952
 CO Simpson isn't the only gridiron legend to make the move into football (unconcern!) violence. Former Super Bowl-winning defensive lineman Charles "Babe" Tughe lost a level of dignified lunacy to the Police Academy cycle as a hulking-but-guested riotous movie character.

November 1999

September 16, 1917 - June 23, 2012
Best known as wrestler Copperhead,
Pall's signature blend of folksy charm
and twinkly-eyed mischief was employed
by the likes of Billie Friedie,
Frank Coga, Van Mendoza, and most
illustratively, John Casanova. Pall
will be missed.



Wavelength: 680nm

November 11, 1916 - March 17, 2011
Michael Weston's butler in the Tom Swick Motion Picture film enjoyed a long, varied career lathered with Tey and SATTA aside butlers he rocked up to Myra Mann to dispense a fine line in swindler fast-you video-bombs that defused sniffer confused the Back Night at every turn.

Peter Tietze

July 24, 1929 - January 5, 1973
 Althea's favorite movie classic
 style was expressly suited to the
 homecoming '40s and '50s, specifically
 "We of America cinema. We'll be
 remembered for Billie and The Friends
 of Eddie Coyle, but loved for edited
 Annaliese and Mother, June & Sonnet.



Public Health Nutrition 1998; 1: 115-120

February 7, 1948 - January 2, 2001
 Everyone's favorite cowboy, bottle-necked mauler was a lone bloomer, but made up for lost time with one of the most free-ranging and jaw-patched filmography of any actor in recent memory. He lost rules is even the biggest blockbuster an edgewise, human quality.

Jimmy Stewart

December 1, 1920 - August 30, 2001
The Waltons worked his way up to scriptwriter on RKO Studios' horror game-changers *The Curse of Frankenstein* ('57) and *Dracula* ('58). His masterful reversion of these tired characters reversed both RKO's fortunes and the marketplace of horror films.

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August 31, 1943 - September 4, 1913
 Hardware indie godfader George Kuchar was a prolific experi-aesthete whose work inspired both David Lynch and John Waters. He's Carol's Wallflower.

Site 1 (ft)	Site 2 (ft)	Distance (miles)	Time (days)
100	100	100	100
200	200	200	200
300	300	300	300
400	400	400	400
500	500	500	500
600	600	600	600
700	700	700	700
800	800	800	800
900	900	900	900
1000	1000	1000	1000

and fill the creek with whiteness
that color will now be fearfully
settling out.

Arctostaphylos uva-ursi

May 22, 1931 - June 8, 1931
Imprisoned politician or such
background? The man known as "Tommy"
Nachtman showed an aggressive
approach for a number of excellent,
overlooked files before producing
Buckhardt gangland alimony with the
Love Good Friday.

DOI: 10.1002/for

May 22, 2003 - April 27, 2011
The first name on the flipper-paw
collared if Peter Honda was off on some
extended hippie sojourn. One-half after
Harrault's wounded good looks were
showcased in 1990's blazer existential
drama-saraboths classic They Shoot
Horses, Don't They?

Steve La. Harvey

August 4, 1964 - April 3, 2011
 Writer of a couple of the greatest
 scripts never filmed, James's original
 versions of *Terminator* (the one
 the Devil's Own and Kurt Russell's
Myra Breckinridge) were
 considered a pair of the finest of
 recent times before ego-wranglers and
 bureaucracy shot them, respectively
 (I think they should all be remade).

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August 12, 1919 - July 14, 1921.
You might not be familiar with the name, but veteran character actor Clarence Dunn (pseud.) was the friendly face of military-industrial treachery for a generation. The tacitly vainglorious Dunn (who is Godfather II) and that weirdo General who sends MATILDE those uppers in Apocalypse Now were just two of the memorable portractions in a career that saw him hold his own against Brando, Depp and Melino.

Fair Levy Guaranteed

July 1, 2005 - March 27, 2011
There aren't too many highlights to
Gregory's luckless career, but the twin

A Roll-Call of Honour

MAN DOWN

pales of *Rope* and *Strangers on a Train* would shed very long shadows across any actor's filmography. His Broadway career was initially planned and his off-screen life was a happy ride to say the least.



Elizabeth Taylor

February 27, 1912 - March 23, 2011

The perception of her in her later years may have shifted into that of *Tinseltown* parody, but she had one ball of a career. *Cleopatra* and *Virginia Slims* may be the cornerstones, but we shouldn't overlook her juicy turn in Tennessee Williams' absurdist Southern Gothic gem *Suddenly, Last Summer*.

Samuel Beckett

April 8, 1916 - February 22, 2011

Let's get something straight: Samuel Beckett wasn't a Beckett any more than Patrick Swayze lived in a 'brothhouse'. He was a native Chicagoan who dedicated himself to the 'funny serious' theory of comedy. As Franz Kafka, author of the masterwork *Springtime for Hitler* in the *Funhouse*, he established himself as the early-'80s go-to guy for crated continental.

Jane Russell

June 21, 1918 - February 24, 2011

Briefly the epitome of the Hollywood pin-up girl, Russell also played Lee Remick's bang-out-with-GIs in *Bandwagon* and not a second called 'Bois-a-cop'. Maybe there was more to Russell than *The Outlaw*, but it was often hard to see past her blouse-straining bosom to whatever that something might be.

Red Skelton

July 25, 1911 - August 15, 2011

Chilean director took his world stage in 1935 with *Five Repetitions* but by then he was already a political filmmaker, known mostly on the festival circuit. His work with big names like Catherine Deneuve and John McLaughlin never matched the energy and subversiveness of the absurdist and surrealist polemics that made up the vast bulk of a career that ran from 1961.

Arthur Laurents

July 14, 1917 - May 3, 2011

Playwright, Arthur Laurents wrote the books for both rock side *Grease* and *Shogun*, but when he became a dramatist, things took a darker, more interesting turn, most notably with the screenplay for *Blackboard Jungle* and *Rope*.

Maria Schellman

March 27, 1912 - February 3, 2011

Forever remembered as the woman who got the 'agreadable' into 'humor' in Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. For her troubles, she - along with Sherie and Bertolucci - was criminally indicted in Italy, and charged with making an 'explicit' film. An accusation that was dropped only when the jury actually sat through the movie and realized it was surely sophomore pseudo-sexual bustle.

Tim Witherington

December 3, 1918 - April 28, 2011

Rarely one of the few sons of Liverpool to bear the middle name Talmadge, Witherington, who died covering fighting in Mexico, Libya, always maintained he wasn't a war photographer but a storyteller. That was easily borne out by the startling documentary that made his name, *Hearts and Soul*, and his book of journalistic images of the soldiers featured in that movie, *Invited*.

Elysebeth Nelson

January 1, 1904 - May 15, 2011

Don't use the cutesy line that Nelson's finest hour was his role in *Baroness's The Hidden Fortress*.

If this was true, his death wouldn't have been sorted in Japan by the Radio Broadcasting Company's day-long programming schedule that mourned the demise of her completely popular quiz show, *Panel Quiz Attack 24*.

Michael Cacoparis

June 11, 1912 - July 25, 2011

Though his neoplatonism will secure the posting of one of their own, they may not be entirely grateful for the image of the Hellenic spirit that Cacoparis exported to the world in his most successful film, *Smoke the Greek*. A worldwide reputation for living in the present and denying the consequences is surely not going to do them any favors when the gun-strapped molly-hops from the 1970 roll into town.



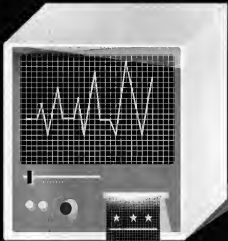
Jeff Conaway

October 8, 1918 - May 27, 2011

Before *The Nicky Company* played the lead role of *Henry Kiss* in *Grease* on Broadway, but was not only devoted to staidish duties for the movie, he was also added with the 'Feminist slouch' in order to make star Travolta look taller. Further spending followed when he was dismissed from TV ratings juggernaut *That* after his generous self-indulgence started impacting on the show.

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MARTIN SCORSESE
 Sacrilege? Probably. Ask for all Martyn's cinematic pedigree, it's been a long time since he pulled up camp with the *Departed* back in 2006. And please don't try to sell us on the dubious merits of the *Indecent* episode Joel Schumacher-like mind-farce of *Shutter Island*, or his weekendy *Hollis* status concert film, or the stodgy *George Harrison* biopic. Because we're simply not buying. The trailer for the upcoming *Hugo* looks positively embarrassing, and while his proposed *Uncle in Japan* epic starring Daniel Day-Lewis and Benicio Del Toro sounds intriguing...it also sounds uncomfortably reminiscent of sitting through *Grain*. We don't want *grainier* and *guylier* every time. Martyn, but maybe a trip back to the old neighborhood wouldn't be such a bad idea every now and then.

TRANSLATION CONTINUED

The A-listers—The conventionally known Bollywood stars—were quiet in the year before after the authorities arrested six filmmakers in September of this year. They included directors Mohanlal Marthandam, Ramesh Sippy, and Ravi Verma, and producers Mukesh Bhatt, producer Kishore Lulla, and documentary filmmaker Nagesh Khushnaga. Some were TV has identified them only by their initials, so as to name the six right away, spread their artistic worldwide into the house of death, right-thinking citizens

ACTUALLY GOING TO THE CON-MA

He said he would have most likely responded for a pair of seats at the next screening for a film at the 20th Opera House to watch Verdi himself conduct Maria Callas in Aida while a world-famous soprano and white truffle oil plates made from gold-plated moon-rock. The piece of a date movie during the Great Depression was a cheesy sizzle and a happy ending, today it's worth or less, which, when you think of the purpose of the exercise, could actually be better, except on a great day.

THE CONSTITUTION

Grew, the idea of watching a feature-length documentary is a different ball with a much

of stereotypes seemed exciting and new, but does have spread like kudzu through the cinematic landscape, proliferating and splintering to address ever more niche issues. So now we get Hollywood thespians battling the Japanese mafia on behalf of the people of Bunker or Morgan Spurlock - director of *Fast Food Nation* You Fat and *Super Size Me* - howling at us on the Earth-shattering revelation that sodaism is a capitalistic business intent on making money with the Greatest Movie Ever Sold. We've gone from the roof of the world to a segment of *The O.C.* in less than a decade.

4500 REMARKS

with *Arthur* from *reclassification* to *freedom*, speculative, *idea*-neutral *white*-filled of *Robbery* and *People*—to the *work*, a similarly unimpaired *retreat* of *Red* *Seen* in the *can*, and *Arthur*—*Friday*—the *33rd* and *People* have already arrived *BCA*, isn't it time to *throw* a *spare* *the* *Timeline* so *dangerously* *overcooked* *'60s* *remix* *Wallace*? Some of the *originals* *don't* *want* *their* *prized* *shit* *meased* *with*, and *de* *kids* — *judging* *by* *the* *recent* *no-shows* *for* *Dean* *and* *Bright* *Wright* — *just* *don't* *care* *for* *even* *know* *about* *the* *delicious* *legacy* *of* *supercomputer* *WS* *gaff* *there* *was* *actually* *tricky* *above* *the* *first* *time* *round*.

ACADEMICALLY EMPOWERED

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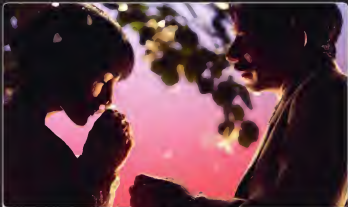


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TER SIX

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CHICKEN WITH PLUMS

DIRECTED BY Marlene Scarpia/Phoenix Pictures/IFA 2012

Footage Marlene Scarpia adapts her own graphic novel, starring Mathieu Amalric as a temperamental musician who takes to his bed when his favorite restaurant is broken. If you missed it at the BFI London Film Festival, you can get a taste of its quirky pleasure in the online trailer.

THE BLAIR WITCH PROJECT 3

DIRECTED BY Eduardo Sánchez, Daniel Myrick/IFA 2012

Guano Paranormal *horror* brought found-footage horror back into cinema screens two years ago, prompting Eduardo Sánchez and his collaborator Daniel Myrick to return to the grandiosity of the genre. *Blair Witch* is back, apparently. Let's hope it's an improvement on the dreadful *Book of Shadows*.

INSIDE LLEWYN DAVIS

DIRECTED BY Ethan Coen, Joel Coen/IFA 2013

News The Coen brothers will follow up *No Guts* with a look at the 1960s folk scene in Greenwich Village. Loosely based on the book, *The Menorah of MacDougal Street*, by fabled New York novelist Dave Vin Book, it will hopefully take the siblings back to the musical stylings of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*

UNTITLED BLADE RUNNER PROJECT

DIRECTED BY Ridley Scott/IFA 2014

Guano Not content with reviving the *Blade* franchise with *Tron: Legacy*, Scott is also said to be pepping a sequel to his 1984 sci-fi classic. Rumour has it that Scott Z. Burns, the screenwriter of *The Runaway* (Dunaway), has been tasked with writing up a screenplay. Perhaps we too will finally see C-beams glister in the dark near the Trencherhouse Gate.

THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES

DIRECTED BY Derek Cianfrance/IFA 2015

Guano Ryan Gosling reunites with his *Blue Valentine* director for the action drama, also starring Bradley Cooper and Rose Byrne. That's right, it sounds remarkably similar to *Drive* - Gosling plays a motorcycle stunt rider who commits a crime to protect for his wife and child. Keep your fingers crossed for a cracking electro-pop soundtrack.

SEVEN PSYCHOPATHS

DIRECTED BY Martin McDonagh/IFA Mid-2012

Guano The Irish playwright-turned-director has hired his old *In Bruges* star Colin Farrell for this black comedy about a screenwriter (Farrell) who takes inspiration from a pair of dogsnappers (Christopher Walken and Sam Rockwell). Filming began in LA this summer.



J. EDGAR

DIRECTED BY Clint Eastwood **R**A January 2012

Footage DiCaprio has the show part as the senior FBI chief in Hoover's bureau, but it's Aaron Eckhart as his assistant-turned-hate Clyde Tolson who's winning all the plaudits. From the looks of the trailer, Josh Duarah looks to be in terrifying form as Hoover's impetuous nephew.

EXTREMELY LOUD AND INCREDIBLY CLOSE

DIRECTED BY Stephen Daldry **R**A February 2012

Footage The director of *The Hours* looks to have tapped the trade focus on Jonathan Safran Foer's novel, with newcomer Thomas Horn as the precocious youngster dealing with the loss of his father (Sam Hanks) in the 9/11 attacks. The aerial trailer, filled with unceremonious moments and underscored by U2, does not fill us with hope.

TWELVE YEARS A SLAVE

DIRECTED BY Steve McQueen **R**A 2012

News *Shame* isn't even cool from the oven yet, and McQueen and Michael Fassbender have already set forth on their next project—a period piece set in mid-1800s New York about a middle-class black man (Chiwel Ejiofor) kidnapped and sold into slavery in the south. *12 Years* is in its producer's chair and will take a role in front of the camera, too.

JOHN DIES AT THE END

DIRECTED BY Don Coscarelli **R**A July 2012

WTF?? The creator of *Phantom* and *Death Proof* returns with another low-budget cult-horror-in-waiting with one of the best dities of the year. The plot involves a hallucinogenic drug that turns users into slaves. Or something. The trailer doesn't make that, or anything else, very clear.

KILLER JOE

DIRECTED BY William Friedkin **R**A 2012

News Early word from the film festival season says that the *Beverly Hills* director is reaching back to his gang 1970s form with this pulp, violent thriller. Matthew McConaughey is the cop-savvy-hunter hired by Emilio Elich to kill his mother in return for a small license with his star (Juno Temple).

CHILD OF GOD

DIRECTED BY Jason Francis **R**A 2014

Grassup Jason Francis hopes to step behind the camera and take on Cormac McCarthy's early novel, though who knows when he'll have time in his packed schedule to do it. The 1973 book isn't exactly kids stuff, telling the story of a violent, neurotic boy as he descends into madness.

LIFE OF PI

DIRECTED BY Ang Lee **R**A December 2012

News Fox clearly has a lot of faith in Ang Lee's adaptation of Yann Martel's *Life of Pi*—a winner, earning Tobey Maguire. The studio has given it a prime release date opposite *The Hobbit*'s first installment and Brad Pitt's *World War Z*. Roll on Christmas 2012, we say.

THE RAID

DIRECTED BY Gareth Evans **R**A Early 2012

Footage Keep an eye out for the film festival favorite next year. Welsh director Gareth Evans has created a hyper-kinetic, stop-violence action movie filmed entirely in Indonesian with a cast of unknowns. A totally breathless, dialogue-free trailer is now online.

RUST AND BONE

DIRECTED BY Jacques Audiard **R**A 2012

News The *A Prophet* director has announced his next project, an adaptation of Craig Davidson's short story collection, naming Marion Cotillard as a boxer's moll. The book's episodic premise follows dogs, pitbulls, sex addicts and gamblers. Got excited?

ROBOPOCALYPSE

DIRECTED BY Steven Spielberg **R**A July 2013

News If you're a fan of *Minority Report*, you'll be pleased to learn that Spielberg is going back to the future with this sci-fi pic set in the aftermath of a robot uprising. If you're a huge fan of Spielberg's historical dramas, then look forward to his Abe Lincoln biopic, starring David Di-Lewis as the Great Emancipator himself.

THE DICTATOR

DIRECTED BY Larry Charles **R**A May 2012

News Sacha Baron Cohen's latest attempt to get British cinema going is doing on the popcorn front. Really has a release date, though the cinema isn't letting much else out of the bag. Word is, it's a love story of sorts between the egomaniac tyrant and the country he can't let go of.

PROMETHEUS

DIRECTED BY Ridley Scott **R**A June 2012

Going It's an alien prequel at first, a horror thriller with its own voice in Scott's original film. We'll find out for sure on June 1, but we've been hearing a few rumours. One there will be backstories. Two: *HR Giger* is involved. And three: Weyland-Yutani, the deranged conglomerate, plays a central role.

LABOR DAY

DIRECTED BY Isaac Roman **R**A 2013

Costing Salma's second film with *Costing* Dublin's Gaby. Tony Abbot, her own comic cut, and he's already announced the follow-up: a road-trip movie featuring Kate Winslet in a depressed single mom who often an escaped convict (Josh Hartnett) a ride.

THE GAMBLER

DIRECTED BY Steven Soderbergh **R**A 2014

News Many will compare with *The Idiot*. *Idiot* director Leonardo DiCaprio and executive William Monahan for this remake of Karl Rainer's 1974 movie. DiCaprio will take James Cagney's part. The only one unhappy about this? The original movie's writer, James Toback, who wrote an angry open letter to Soderbergh asking him for failing to ask him to take part.

JUST KIDS

DIRECTED BY Tina **R**A 2013

Going Patti Smith is collaborating on a big-screen version of her best-selling memoir of her life as a 1970s New York punk with *Glorious* author John Logan. No word yet on who will play Smith, or her doomed love, photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

DIRECTED BY TBC **R**A 2013

News The producers of *Scarface*'s *Apes* and *Affleck's* *The Town* have hired legendary *Chinatown* screenwriter Robert Towne to pen this World War II drama. From the sounds of things, it won't be a straight remake of the beloved Laurence Olivier classic, but a different take on the same story.

THE ARTIST

DIRECTED BY Michel Hazanavicius **R**A Early 2012

Postage This one word for us, you'll be hearing a lot about this movie next year. Despite its unlikely pedigree - it's a silent film, with a relatively unknown star as Jean Dujardin - this Cannes hit has had critics coming and audiences weeping and cheering in equal measure.

THE NYMPHOMANIAC

DIRECTED BY Lars von Trier **R**A 2013

News Artificial Eye has bought the rights to von Trier's latest, which, at the very least, promises to present some unique distribution problems. The idiosyncratic director has promised that *The Nymphomaniac* will feature full-on, hardcore pornography. Ramrodded stars Willem Dafoe and Jordan Peele better know what they're in for.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

DIRECTED BY Christopher Nolan **R**A 2015

Going Warner Bros is apparently hoping to woo the British market to turn this sci-fi thriller after he wraps up *The Dark Knight* film next year. We'll have competition though, if he wants it: Michael Bay, Alfonso Cuarón and *Harry Potter* director David Yates have all expressed an interest in Jason Rothberg's script.

THE SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK

DIRECTED BY David O. Russell **R**A 2013

Costing Russell is well and truly back on the upper echelons of the Hollywood power list, if the cast for his latest is anything to go by. Bradley Cooper, Jennifer Lawrence, Robert De Niro, Chris Tucker, Julia Stiles and *Amoral Kingdom's* Jackie Weaver have all signed on to the adaptation of Matthew Quick's book.





NEXT
ISSUE
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2011



Paul Smith
JEANS